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Esquire

AUGUST 1983 • PRICE \$2.00

Man At His Best

Joe Sedelmaier

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of L.A. Restaurants
by David Freeman

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by Robert Friedman

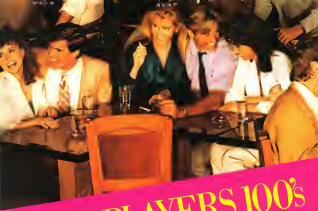
Adam Smith on
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Bob Greene's Rules
for the Road

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Shutter Priority	✓				
Metered Manual	✓				
Programmed Auto Flash	✓				
TTL Auto Flash	✓				
Coupled Metering Manual Mode	✓				
Viewfinder Data (All modes combined)	✓				
(Battery-Saving) LCD Viewfinder Readout	✓				
Aperture & Shutter Display Programmed Mode	✓				
AE, OK, 1/4, 1/8 Exposure Compensation	✓				
Exposure Compensation in Viewfinder	✓				
Light for Viewfinder Display	✓				
LCD External Readout	✓				
Depth of Field Preview	✓				
Metal Shutter	✓				
1/2000th Second Shutter Speed	✓				
Pushbutton Shutter Control	✓				
Shutter Locked Indicator	✓				
Magic Needle Film Loading	✓				
Automatic Fast Shutter when Loading	✓				
Film-Magnet Indicator	✓				
1/200th Second Flash Sync Speed	✓				
Flash Distance Program Mode (ASA 100 Film)	✓				
Aperture Display in Viewfinder (Film Flash Mode)	✓				
Audio and Visual Flash Confirmation	✓				

Complete this chart with the features of any other brand of programmed camera sold at retail in the U.S.A. as of May 1, 1983. If you can find a camera that meets all and exceeds one or more features of the Pentax Super Program listed here, we'll buy it for you. (One camera per customer.) Offer expires October 31, 1983.

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Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please _____

As evidence, U.S.A. Manufacturer's warranty _____

production and model of the Pentax Super _____

Programmed, information on the Pentax Super _____

and program included in the Pentax Super _____

and Pentax Corporation, 20 Exchange _____

Drive East, Englewood, CO

PENTAX
SUPER PROGRAM

"Come to think of it, I'll have a Heineken...
and so will my friends."



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ESQUIRE COVERS

Joe Sestromer can't stay happy-second commercials less art. With an iconicistic eye for the parts of the human condition, he grows into that not only one of our best writers as well. In the current installment of the American continental, Sestromer is out in force. Some even call him the best cinematic director in advertising today. For more on Sestromer see page 53.



Calvin Klein Menswear





Calvin Klein Menswear





Calvin Klein Menswear



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9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Camel Lights.
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

THE SERIOUS SELF

LEARNING THE difference between taking oneself seriously and being serious with oneself is one of our hardest and most constant struggles. In his twenties and early thirties a man (or a woman) gobbles up the message that defines his "fit" into the world—his evolving career, life-style, adult personality, and personal interpretation of just how things work in the world. As he gains a measure of self-confidence and self-knowledge attention to these issues no longer a point in his life where he suddenly begins to re-examine his life, and he enters into a period of intense self-questioning that often results in new interpretations of his personal values and a redefinition of his priorities.

This belief that certain bursts of activity, usually occurring sometime in the thirties, has been the subject of many articles in this magazine and has been written about by psychoanalysts such as Erik Erikson and Sigmund Freud and psychologist Daniel J. Levinson. During this period of self-examination many people make dramatic changes, such as switching careers, spouses, friends, or geographic locations; it is an unsettling but crucial time. For it sets the course a person will follow through middle age.

Most readers of this magazine are between twenty-five and forty-five and undoubtedly have experienced or will soon be experiencing this phenomenon and absorbing it in their heads. One adaptive aspect of this examination is that it generates so much emotional turbulence that it is difficult for a person to gain a clear understanding of what he is really thinking and feeling. As a result of this confusion, people often make mistakes about how they will choose to live their lives that are self-defeating rather than self-empowering because they have failed to understand the difference between taking oneself seriously and being serious with oneself. Taking oneself seriously is an unadmitted experience in which one asks such questions as, "Is my career path the right one?" Does my marriage work the way it



should? Properly one reaches the conclusion that some of the decisions made earlier in life must be revised. It is often appropriate and necessary to make these changes even if it means possibly starting over with one's career, marriage, or even life-style.

But taking oneself seriously and asking these questions is only half the task. If a person stops at this halfway point (and many people do), the chances he is likely to make one often self-defeating and much of the gain these choices have caused him and others to weaken. The other half of the task is being serious with one self, and that occurs inside the person. This task involves answering such questions as, "What will I give myself as experience to?" "What values will I conduct my personal and professional life?" "How will I use the brief time I am alive?" It is the part of the task that is the most difficult. It is often easier to discard a ten-year marriage (and it is to admit to a husband's extramarital tryst, even to go after a new worldly god than to say, "I do not like or respect myself." In fact, the human being is so prone to avoiding the pain of taking responsibility for his two biggest sins that he will make dramatic, worldly changes just to avoid coping with the inner self.

Our society is one in which questions of value are usually left at the college gates

upon graduation, as though somehow the immediate light and evasions of truth by two-year-old students could settle these questions for a lifetime. Then when a man has this brief face of recognition in his thirties, it is conducted to a large extent with the same misapprehensions about life's content that he made as a young man. To grasp the clarity of such a situation and therefore to respond the questioning from taking oneself seriously to include being serious with oneself is to conclude that one's relationship with oneself is the most fundamental element in a person's life and one that must be right before any other changes in one's life can lead to happiness. This is the true struggle of adulthood. So when one enters this period of intense self-questioning, it is a reflection in certain ethical columns and is an inherent part of every human. Our concern with this situation is not the experience and the way we choose to deal with it month by month in one of the reasons that readers report being such an intimate relationship with this magazine.

MASTHEAD READERS will note that April Silver, Esquire's associate art director for the last four years, is now our art director. Former art director Robert Pincus has left to do redesign of Newsweek magazine. It was the team of Robert and April that developed the current Esquire design. Their efforts have been recognized by art societies throughout the world, as this magazine has received over two hundred awards for design and illustration excellence. Design is a crucial part of the editorial content of this magazine, such as Esquire, and we were most fortunate to have had two such talents working together for so long in its evolution. The assistance of Robert's mind and his commitment to the integrity of his design made a real difference to this magazine. Esquire will miss him and we wish him the best of luck in his new endeavor.

—Philip Malhotra



The fuel injected, S.O.H.C. I-TEC engine comes instantly alive. The satellite instrument controls are moved into driving position. And suddenly the night becomes a blur. On board, digital readouts flash across the screen while three micro-computers begin to monitor and record on-going functions.

Third gear. Fourth gear. Your body clings to the form-fitting seat as you push the selector into 5th, the wind slipping over the flush aerodynamic skin. This is the Suzuki Impulse. Once the private fantasy of world renowned designer, Giorgio Giugiaro. Now the embodiment of an Izuu dream to build one of the most advanced, most practical four passenger production cars the world has ever known. Outside, a beauty of classic proportions. Inside, a futuristic control room with adjustable bucket seating for four. A virtual warehouse of advanced electronics.



The I-TEC micro-computer not only controls fuel injection volume and ignition timing, but provides self-diagnostic functions as well. The multi-function monitor not only calculates and displays six types of driving information by computer, but also indicates remaining fuel to the tenth of a gallon. The interior climate control computer is so precise, it not only has temperature sensors inside the cabin, but also outside the car. To compensate for outside temperature change, sunlight level and heat or cold conducted through glass. And standard equipment not only includes cruise control, power mirrors, windows, 4 wheel disc brakes, steering and door locks, but provides a level of luxury so exceptional that a 4-speed automatic transmission with overdrive and 4 speaker stereo system with graphic equalizer, are the only options to choose. The on-board computers continue their silent monitoring. The single-arm wiper sweeps across the giant windshield. As the wedge-shaped vehicle plunges into the rain-streaked night. Live the dream. Follow your impulse.



SUZUKI IMPULSE



FOLLOW YOUR IMPULSE

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

LEAP OF THE IMAGINATION

LIVING IN INDIANAPOLIS. I've had the opportunity to watch Carl Lewis from afar—and below—when he jumps. It is remarkable indeed. What a more remarkable, as you characterized in the April issue ("The Longest Jumps," by Graham Smith), in his attitude, desire, and drive. The psychology of winning is manifested in all to see in a person like Lewis.

Yet I was disappointed that not of his greatest achievements were mentioned. At last year's Sullivan Awards (held here annually), Carl was chosen to receive the highest honor as American amateur athlete can attain, among the likes of Scott Hamilton, Bill Walton, and Eric Clapton. What struck those in attendance at the formal affair was the young man's eloquent and slick "jack-off" in his acceptance speech.

Subject's article is well done and goes to show why when you watched the circus-circus news here last summer the sports lead you would eventually have a trip of Carl jumping out of the pit and landing to the side, hands clasped pray-like over his head after his final and personal-best jump at the National Sports Festival. He knows if a good jump without having to wait for the tape measure.

Michael H. Charloian
Indianapolis, Ind.

PEOPLE EVERYWHERE need to read more articles like the one on Carl Lewis. But why did you present such a superb athlete to the world without going at least a bit in a section? Could that have been a strategy on your part to make an exercise our imagination, which is such an essential letter in bringing out the best of Lewis as an athlete? Thank you very much for the story.

David Shaw
Houston, Tex.

SHARED SECRET

AS A father of two—and only two, according to my未婚妻—I read David Mervin's article on vasectomy ("The Secret Operation," April) with keen interest and a question: Was my emotional approach and response to the operation the same as that of Mike Mervin. I have never regretted my decision. But at twenty-six I was apparently not demographically part of the "almost majority" of vasectomized men. Now I have a

question: Will I feel as strongly when I'm thirty-seven? Yes...I think.

Steve J. Meyer
Milwaukee, Wis.

GREAT TIMING. Forty-eight hours ago I had the "secret operation." David Mervin's article helped me do it with added reflection and determination. I had this image of guys all over the country quietly being castrated and affirmed. Most of my own motivation came from wanting to do something new that I had the choice. My wife has had two difficult deliveries, resulting in two beautiful children. In an age of so absurd emphasis on personal freedom (even to be fertile), maybe the key really lies in being "free" enough to give it up.

In any event, your decision to return to in-depth articles, especially "The Secret Operation," is much appreciated.

Ernie Anderson
Phoenix, Ariz.

MURKY PROFILE

STEPHEN BELLO'S profile of one ("How Can You Sleep at Night?" February) contains several errors regarding conviction. Bello speaks of the "large sums" I will earn from the Abbott and Von Blum cases. I expected and received no fees in the Abbott case. Nor did I receive fees from Frank Shepp, the JDL, Anatoly Shcharinsky, my clients on death row, and most of the other defendants I have represented. To misquote my library Bureau as among my "well-to-do" clients, Bello apparently confuses well-being with well-being. Bello scraped together less than \$2,500 to cover my fees and expenses.

My office does not contain a "conspicuously displayed" case of personal photographs of the law school faculty, "only the most recent is lying on a shelf." Bello has characterized this as a six-pack. When you had a nest of rats, you had better start picking before they hatch into hillbillies too.

Bello also has a habit of using attributed quotes to make ethical comments. He has acknowledged to me in writing that none of these quoted blind requests anonymity. Many came from people with whom I have had public confrontations. Had the sources of the quotations been given, the content would have been distorted. For example, Bello now acknowledges that the most critical quote

comes from Robert Mervin, whom I have twice accused of professional misconduct in both instances. He has a personal motive, he thinks, for characterizing my charge against judges and prosecutors as "rally." One of my "rally" charges, according to the Village Voice, may have cited Mervin's federal judging or "the arithmetic prospect of becoming U.S. attorney." Because Bello failed to disclose this source, the reader could not evaluate the source's motives.

Alan M. Dembski
Concord, Mass.

REAL MONEY

JUST finished reading Paul Hewken's essay in your April issue ("How to Think About Money in Changing Times"). So what's new about money? Bankers offer a hint for those interested in what money is really about; that is, that money is not real in a way that is accessible. While correctly directing "aggressive" investors toward "commitment," and money is superior to currency for this quality.

It is a mystery of our accumulation of money that one finds anything. So the question is not, Where do I put my money? but, How do I express my commitment? A master operates from the latter position.

James Moore
San Francisco, Calif.

GOOD TIMES AT TELlico

THANK YOU, thank you, for Geoffrey Norman's wonderful article on the Tellico Dam biologists ("Power Plays," October, April). Mr. Norman says it up quite well. I might add that the Tellico is now one of the best trout-fishing streams in the state, since you say the best. But also, trout fishing does not fit into TVA's definition of recreation—snow-skiing and horseback-riding in recreation, while winter fishing is not (unless you're in the Tellico). The dam-changes of nuclear plants in recreation, trout fishing is certainly not. TVA knows how to give us a good time. Too bad nobody came to their Tellico party.

Michael Locke
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Letters in this column should be mailed with your address and phone number in Tellico. Send only the Party Report 2-Pink Card. Write 100 W. 2nd St. MKE. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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Saks Fifth Avenue

UNCONVENTIONAL WISDOM

BY ADAM SMITH

HE LAST HONEST TAXPAYER?

If we each feel we are, we're in trouble

I WAS stunned by the reaction.

I gave a commentary on a public television show called *The Nightly Business Report* (a memory of its 300 seconds, this show is up against the evening network news, but even so it has built an audience of nearly five million weekly viewers, at less than two years, which is very successful in the realm of public television. The mail I get responding to my comments is articulate but not particularly impassioned, which is not surprising, considering I comment on the market and the economy. If you want passion in your mail, tell a story about crime or guns or abortion, not the Dow Jones or the gross national product.

So I was surprised—though one is always glad to know somebody is watching—when our flagship station began forwarding an unusual volume of bad-tempered mail. The general message was that I was an idiot, a demagogue, a leech, and that I should be taken off the air. What had I done? I had commented liberally as a measure that the leaders of Congress supported, that President Reagan backed, and that seemed so ordinary that I was actually raising another point, namely, The measure was the 30 percent withholding on interest and dividends. The idea for the comment had come with a bank statement that was stuffed with figures among the 16 write-up compartments. I figured that the banks did not want the computer chain of withholding the money and that the Treasury's offer to let them keep the money for thirty days before forwarding had not seemed sufficient compensation. The theme of your protest, which was used as newspaper ad campaign, was Congress wants a piece of your savings; what they need is a piece of your trust.

I looked at the transcript of the show and found what I had said. "This is not a new tax—the law is already there—it's in just an effort to collect... some of the \$30

billion [in interest and dividends the Treasury says goes unreported]—those of us who may have to make up the \$8 billion shortfall.... This campaign by the banks is shockingly [the cause] the banks are going to need public support on the real problem—all these loans to less developed countries, and all those loans to nearly bankrupt oil producers."

An interesting point, but not one you would have thought would ignite passion. The response was disturbing. Either there was a highly organized pressure group, an members' association and serious as Dohertyman teachers, or some people do not pay their taxes and are furious when anyone suggests they should. Or both.

Some of the mail also contained copies of newspaper clippings, one from *The Kansas City Star* urged its readers to fight the new law "the same way people who cherish the principles enshrined by the Founding Fathers have been fighting tyrants tyrants and political parasites

for the past two centuries."

Founding Fathers? Tyrants tyrants? Just what the hell was going on? Here I had been scolding my bank and bookkeeping statements to my accountant and paying whatever the computer and the tax was, I began to feel like the last honest true taxpayer in the country. I called the Treasury to get some information.

"I did the comment on TV," I told the Treasury spokesman, "about withholding."

"And they got you," said the Treasury man.

"How did you know?"

"Because they got everybody. They scared Congress to death. They scared what, said, respectable Republicans. They scared liberal Democrats. Congress got fifteen million copies of mail."

"Who is they?"

"The banks, I guess. It shows you the power of a mail campaign. The banks suggested to people that their savings would disappear, not all the tabs, all

that. They really struck a nerve."

"What do you think the nerve is?"

"I don't know," the Treasury spokesman said. "I guess a lot of people don't think they owe money on the interest they get, or they owe a real set don't pay it."

I called the Internal Revenue Service. Congress writes the tax law, the Internal Revenue Service collects the money. Or ones to One criticism of the withholding measure was that it put too much of a burden on the banks, that they travel the world with networn bill of money, losing loveability to get the loan, then they have trouble getting repaid and want the government and international agencies to help them, and then they have to perform a mechanical chore for the government and that is "paying," which brings to mind the brave colonists against the colossal British. Or because I should say that it is largely the big banks—the big city, money-center institutions—that have made the foreign loans, and it is the small-

What's a Rusty Nail?



a) that thing in the living room that holds up Grandpa Kelli's picture.



b) shortstop for the 1958 Kansas City Athletics



c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Dewar's and Scotch over ice.

NO ONE WANTS TO PAY MORE TAXES THAN HE HAS TO, AND THAT IS FAIR, BUT, AS THE ECONOMISTS ARE FOND OF SAYING, THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A FREE LUNCH.

As friends—sponsored by the American Bankers Association—that created the free stores of mail to Congress. I was told the big banks not only were geared up for withholding but hoped to sell their computer services to the smaller banks.) I asked the IRS men why the IRS didn't just march up the numbers from the banks and the numbers on individual returns and prosecute the offenders and leave honest citizens alone. ("I would be a tremendous job," said the IRS man. "Eventually we will do the catching. But concentrating on one-to-one basis would mean millions of phone calls from the IRS to individual citizens. It would make the IRS an overbearing presence in American life, and we don't really want to do that.")

Let us not get our numbers, to keep that bookish in perspective. The IRS says about \$300 billion a year goes unreported. Most of that is in the underground economy. The underground economy includes the yard man, who works for cash, the doctor who takes cash checks and doesn't report them, and the sobriety of illegal drug transactions.

Americans who work and get paid by check report 98 percent of the income that they get from wages and salaries. Of course, we have no kindergarten wages and salaries. So working America pays its taxes.

Americans also pay 83 percent of the taxes due on interest, and 66 percent on the taxes due on dividends. The withholding plan was simply an attempt to increase those percentages. It would not have affected anyone who receives interest and dividends. Some of the stock owners and savings accounts are in the names of children and elderly people who usually owe a tax anyway and who could have been exempted from withholding by checking a box on a form. But remember: most of the taxes due on investment income get paid finally through the estate tax.

Finally there are the doctors and lawyers, ERAs and Raagas, who are nonreporting. Congress has chosen 104 categories of "tax expenditures" as exemptions to create a better society. Shelters are created because Congress wants to encourage a specific activity—low-cost housing, or searching for oil, or more modern plants and equipment. I have been in tax shelters, always with some discomfort, why can't writing a column a non-shelter activity, either this article, art, and real estate. Anyway, tax shelters are only tax shelters, they have to be eventually. By putting money into a tax shelter you create a deduction against your other income. Some other year the tax will come back again, but that year may be quite a long

way away. (Anyone contemplating a tax shelter should look at the fees the promoters take and the eventual tax liability before plunging.)

The most serious element in the deficit of Congress by the banks was not the good job in tax collection. It was the de-moralization of power by a well-organized lobby and its agencies, which made the other lobbers sit up and take notice. Some senators I know are still seething, but they did not back the bill.

The Reagan administration believes in lower taxes. Indeed, it educated Congress to reduce taxes, which accounts for our ballooning deficit and for the high real interest rates we have. The theory of the President and his disciples was that tax cuts would stimulate, that it encourages change, and that tax avoidance deters the economy. All of these tenets are true. But sometimes even when the axioms are true, the theory does not work out in reality. The Reagan administration thought that if you reduced the tax rate, the wealthy tax shelters less attractive. Theoretically true, but the use of tax shelters actually went up last year. Maybe the Reagan theory needs more time to work.

I am not going to pontificate about taxes being the root of evil. The government has gotten much, much bigger in one generation and it prospered more as a country than it had. There was a time when G.D.P. and Federal deficit were negligible, but today there is, and today the crapper of the times is against government and against taxes. The tax code is impossibly complex and is friendly only to lawyers and experts who know its loopholes. No one wants to pay more taxes than he has to, and that is fair, but, as the economists are fond of saying, there is no such thing as a free lunch. If we have a Navy and NASA and school lunches and highways, we have to pay for them, which makes the under-privileged man more and more angry. Especially you can't have it all, and the government has to pay for the rest of us are carrying these burdens.

Most Americans do pay their taxes, of course. I think the fair system created by the banks led some people to believe they would have to pay more. I hope the banks' campaign backfires. Our tax system is based on self-interest, which is to say responsibility and goodwill. It will work. If I ever stop working—if each of us feels that he or she has to respect paying his taxes—then the country will be a better and much less pleasant place in which to live.

ALAN BRINTON is the author of *The Money Game, Superstudies, Powers of Mind, and Pigeon Money*.

AMERICAN BEAT

BY BOB GREENE

RULES OF THE ROAD

A primer on room service, red message light, and Shampoo Wars

THREE YEARS ago this month, American Beat started appearing regularly in Esquire. As you know if you stop by this space on occasion, you will not find any particular kind of expertise here. We have no special insights on personal fashion, participatory sports, outdoor living, high life, or ethics. All we do is go out and see things and write about them.

Going out and seeing those things, though, has given us—what the heck, let's—an intimate look at one particular area of modern life. It is up in an awful lot of hotel rooms in pursuit of try-behavior, and it has been suggested to me that perhaps I should share some of my hotel discoveries with you. Chances are you stay in a hotel room at two points during the course of a month, and maybe you could use the wisdom of a hotel-room pro.

Done, here, for your edification: American Beat's Rules of the Road.

1. If your telephone and your clock are on a night table by the side of your bed, sit up on the side of the bed. It will help you organize your bearings if you wake up at three A.M. and have no idea where you are. If the phone is on a table on one side of the bed and the clock is on a table on the other side, sleep on the side with the phone.
2. Stay in hotels that offer twenty-four-hour room service. Even if I never order a meal after midnight—and I never have—you want to stay in a hotel with a kitchen that is open while you're sleeping. The reason is that hotels with twenty-four-hour room service are generally catering to all employees in other areas, too; if they're willing to keep their stoves on night all night for the few customers who might need them, then they're thinking about you in other ways you don't see or notice.
3. Do not leave your shoes outside your door when you stay in a hotel that offers complimentary shoe shines. You never



know. It is far better to have dirty shoes in the morning than to wake up and discover that you have no shoes at all.

4. When you're making reservations at a hotel that's part of a chain, spend the couple of bucks to call the headquarters, rather than taking the chain's toll-free 800 number. This rule may be an example of content in my work, but I have become convinced that you get more personal attention if you deal with the specific hotel rather than with the chain's computer bank. I will confess that this probably has more to do with sophistication than with reality.

5. The size of your room is much more important than the view. Often a desk clerk will offer you a "biter view" or a "park view," and you arrive in the room to find that it's the size of a moderate closet. For some reason, travelers are perfectly willing to accept a particular view, but are shy about asking how big the room is. Go

ahead and ask; the clerk knows. Almost always, the bigger the room, the better. Do not be fooled by front-desk euphemisms. There is one nice thing in a "biter" view room.

6. A courtesy to the above item: There is one set of hotel rooms in America that combine both amazing size with a beautiful view. This is the 6200 at the Watergate Hotel in Washington. If you get any room there with a number that ends in 02, you are in luck.

7. The best measure of whether a hotel cares about you or not can be found in your room's lamps. If the hotel cares about you, the hotel will turn the lamp on and off will be based on the base of the lamp, when any switch. If the hotel does not care, the button will be found somewhere up beneath the shade, or on a little plastic choker attached to the cord—where you have to search to locate it.

If you are thinking that this is a ridiculous thing to be concerned about, and that you could not notice something like this in a home of course you wouldn't. Haven't an answer as nice as hotels. You should always expect more of a hotel room than you would of your home.

8. The other measure of whether a hotel cares about you or not can be found in your telephone. In some of the most expensive hotels in America, there is no red message light on the phone. Nothing is more important to a business traveler than knowing when he has received a phone call. Yet many hotels that charge top dollar will not go to the expense of installing message lights.

The desk clerks in these hotels will invariably tell you that someone will stop by your room to message up promptly and slip it into your door. But of course, "promptly" is a state of mind, if you are waiting for a particular call, and you will not find three hours later that the call has come in, all the pho-



Marlboro

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THE NATION'S HOTELS ARE LOCKED IN AN EVEN-ESCALATING, NEVER-ENDING GAME OF ONE-UPMANSHIP TO SEE WHO CAN PROVIDE THE MOST EXOTIC, DISTINCTIVE SHAMPOO.

gins in the world won't help. No message light on the phone is a perfectly valid reason for choosing another hotel the next time you are in town. Move to the point, it is a perfectly valid thing to check into when you are making your reservation.

9. Some hotels have a feature that gives you a boring sound when you are on the phone and someone else is trying to get through. That is useless, in almost all cases, the phones do not have the capability to disconnect from one call temporarily while you see who the other caller is. One hotel—the Ritz-Carlton in New York—has come up with a wonderfully simple, yet ideal, addition to this. In every one of the Ritz's guest rooms the phones have two lines—just like the phones you may have at your office. The phones have buttons running across the bottom of the base, if you're talking to a guest and someone else wants to reach you, the desk rings the second caller through to your second line, you get the first caller on hold, and you contact your business. If this sounds like an unnecessary luxury on a short trip, then you don't realize how many calls you're missing at hotels when you're talking to someone else.

10. When you leave your room in the morning, always call housekeeping to request that a maid come by to make up your room right away. Do not rely on her coming automatically, and do not rely on the maid making the room clean if you're supposed to leave outside your door. If you use your room for business, it does you no good to get back at three p.m. and find that they haven't gotten around to you yet. The housekeeping people don't mind leaving their jobs, never making their business done as soon as possible, and they like that.

11. At a Holiday Inn, always request a King Linens. At least it's the next room in the house, and at best you'll think you're at a Westin or a Hyatt.

12. While traveling through America, do not read *The New York Times*, do not read *The Wall Street Journal*, do not read USA Today. Read the local papers. The whole point of being on the road is to feel like you're on the road.

13. If you had yourself booked into the Circus Circus in Las Vegas, bring travel-quilts.

14. A service note. The first thing you should do after checking into your room is go back out into the hallway and knock on a wall with the fire exit route. This will take you thirty seconds. Not to overstate

the obsession, but it's worth your time.

15. If you have been up all night and want to sleep all day, don't count on it. If you have your eye over your eye bags during daylight hours, one of two things will happen: either the maid will knock on your door at one p.m., wake you up, and then say, "Just checking," or your telephone will ring, and a cheery voice will say, "Housekeeping. Do you want your room made up today?"

16. On the other hand, when those maids do wake you up, don't be short with them. On a slow day, they can make good conversations with you, and you can leave some interesting things. A maid at the Ritz the Best Western Motel in Costes, South Dakota, told me that she had once made Barry Reveson's bed.

17. Square feet for square feet, the most important area of your hotel room is the bathroom. If your bathroom is in good shape but your bedroom is mediocre, you can still have a good stay. If your bedroom is superb and your bathroom is horrible, your entire trip can be ruined. Pay special attention to shower heads.

18. As a modern business traveler, you are the beneficiary of a merchandising tactic you may not ever be aware of: Shampoo Wars.

For some reason, the general managers of America's hotels have decided to conduct their most intense competition in the area of the free shampoo that is provided in the rooms. This is never protested or advertised, but if you look closely, you will see that it is so.

The nation's hotels are locked in an even-escalating, never-ending game of one-upmanship to see who can provide guests with the most exotic, distinctive shampoo. Whether this is a matter of corporate hotel ego or a matter of perversity knows only to a few leading executives. I have to admit the only way to notice this is to examine the shampoo packets in your room to see what you are being offered. At the Century Plaza in Los Angeles, for example, you get Mac Factors Honey and Almond shampoo, so Hyatt hotels you get shampoo manufactured from milk of the most expert and sophisticated of travelers are well aware of this practice. I was in New York one evening, walking along Thirty-ninth Street on my way to dinner with Bill Lovell, the executive producer of ABC's *West Wing* series.

"Where are you going tonight?" he asked.

"The Delmonico Palace," I said.

"Ah," he said, not breaking stride. "Correct, shampoo."

19. Hotels are in business to make money, and thus can be excused for charging you for anything that feels like. Except one item. In recent months, I've had several airplanes, many hotels here for the first time, add a surcharge on long-distance calls that you bill to your credit card or company number. Some hotels charge up to several dollars extra on each call for that, what it means is that you are now paying for something you got for free—just because that you are paying a surcharge to be on top of a phone company for that is already increased significantly over the basic street dial fee. There are two ways to beat this: use the pay phone in the lobby, which seems silly when you're spending big bucks for a room, or complain bitterly to the manager. If enough people do, maybe this will stop as quickly as it started.

20. Unless your company gave you a credit card that is billed directly to them—and few companies do—get a cash advance and pay for everything on your trip with it. Put nothing on a credit card that will eventually be billed to you.

21. Once a business trip is over, it should be over, you don't want personal credit card bills coming in months later reminding you of where you have had dinner and where you have slept. By the time you receive those bills, they're already being reimbursed by your company and have already spent the money. It ends up costing you out of your pocket.

22. Carry the cash. If your company balks about giving you that much cash to travel, ask them for a credit card that's billed to them instead. You'll get the cash.

23. The nicest thing about hotel rooms, except for the fact that the Gideon Bibles. It doesn't matter whether you're an especially religious person or not; just the idea that the Gideon International folks, year after year, have placed all those volumes of Bibles in all those millions of rooms is sort of amazing. I know, I know, you've stopped even noticing them there. Next time, take a minute and read a verse. It won't kill you.

24. THERE you have it. These particular Rules of the Road have been the standard model for the average traveler. There is a set of advanced rules, too—one that comes to mind is the Style and Etiquette of Hanging Overnight Briefcase Orders on the Doorline—but those rules are not for everyone, and should not be handed about in plain sight like this. Happy trails, see you on the road.

Keep up with the latest news and information on the business world.



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At moments like this, the last thing you want to worry about is dandruff.



ETHICS

BY ANTHONY BRANDT

A WORLD WITHOUT HONOR

They can't reach north-south for anyone

MY WIFE and I were watching *Deliver* and Cliff Buesen had just found out that his girlfriend, Alton, had slept with the owner of the refinery he had bought nine or ten episodes earlier. Cliff had believed all along that it was his skill as a businessman that had closed the deal, when in fact it was Alton's sacrifice.

Cliff threw a ruglet at and stomped out, the show being for commercials, and I said, "Yeah, I know he feels it." "That I can see why she did it," my wife replied. "I might consider doing the same thing if a similar situation came up."

"Wait!" I said, looking at her in horror. I was suddenly very excited. "Don't you see what a reward? Not only was she being unfaithful to him, she was making it impossible for his success to be his. He thought it was his, but it wasn't. Don't you see how satisfied he must be? What a kook! Don't you ever even think of doing something like that to me!"

"Okay, okay," she said, taken aback by the vehemence of my reaction. "Don't get excited, I won't do it. But any woman would understand the impulse."

"Maybe so," I responded, trying to calm down but determined to have the last word. "Just don't you do it. That would be more than the reward could bear." The show came back on then and we turned our attention back to it, both of us, I think, a little startled by the strength of my feelings.

Later, when I sadly had calmed down and could think rationally, it occurred to me that what I was reacting to was the unjustness to my sense of honor. If my wife did make such a sacrifice for me, I would automatically be taking credit for something I didn't do. Children get mortified when an adult deliberately lets them win a game they couldn't possibly win when they are in this respect. I am still a child. It would shame me, it would dishonor me. In the eyes of those who knew—including, worst of all, my wife—whatever example I felt would be empty; it would belong to someone else.



But it hasn't happened to me as far as I know) and the possibility of such a situation arising seems fairly remote, this being life rather than television, so I suppose my honor or its lively sale and I am content to keep it that way by not clamoring for anything I haven't done myself.

Lots of people do, though. I once had occasion to examine in class dated the papers of a fairly prominent inventor. He had built much of his reputation and one of his principal business ventures—a large, intricate shunter for aerial cameras that was able to operate at high speeds with large, light shunter lenses and still so precise—quite a feat if you understood anything about shunters. The patent for this shunter was in his name. Among the papers, however, I discovered a letter indicating that the essential idea, the one that enabled the shunter to work, was not his. A Swedish master mechanic worked for him, and it was the mechanic's idea that solved the pressing problem. He had hired the mechanic, once, and most companies

know that the inventions of their employees be signed over to the company. Still, the mechanic's name was not on the patent. Our prominent inventor had claimed credit where credit was not due.

You have to have a sense of honor to feel ashamed of such an act, and apparently not everyone does. We probably all know people like my inventor who have taken credit for a subordinate's idea or invention in order to look good in the boss's eye, or make money, or otherwise work things to their advantage. Not at all admirable, but fairly common. Some people regard the situation complexly enough to make a business out of it. I know a couple once who both worked; he was a writer and she was in the public relations department of a bank, and she made a lot more money than he did. But he did most of her work; he gave her ideas for projects and diagrams and actually wrote most of her copy, and neither of them saw anything wrong with it. "Look," he explained once to me privately, "let's not get bright. She doesn't have a way with words. She really shouldn't be holding down this job. But she is, and she's making good money, which helps me out, and I don't care that it's my work that gets her by. And if I don't care, why should anybody else?" The people who are paid and collect letters papers for a living apparently don't care either. In their sense of honor offended because somebody else is taking credit for their work? Obviously not.

The sense of honor apparent to be dying. Who gets the credit to defend his reputation anymore? The idea never strikes us as odd. How often does someone resign public office as a form of protest against his government's policies about this or that? Most of us shrug our shoulders at the policies of our company or organization (and in our own self-interest) and regard it as more important than dissonance. Karva Silverman are few and far between. A sense of honor seems anachronistic as something that belongs to the battlefield, where codes of hon-

ILLUSTRATION: MICHAEL COOPER/ART

A SENSE OF HONOR IS A SENSE THAT THERE ARE STANDARDS THAT ONE MUST LIVE UP TO, EVEN AT THE COST OF ONE'S PERSONAL HAPPINESS, EVEN AT THE COST OF ONE'S LIFE.

an engrained. It certainly seems to have nothing to do with the way we live now.

We do an honor code where I went to college; that was in the late 1960s. During classes we ate miniature pea crackers, came in late, read the late books, handed out the extra, and left. For three hours you were on your own, you could leave and go have a cup of coffee, come back, walk around the room, or do whatever you wanted. The opportunities for cheating were plentiful. But if one did cheat, you were bound to report yourself, and anyone who saw you cheat was also bound. An honor committee composed entirely of your peers then heard the case, and if you had indeed cheated you were out. During the four years I was there, I can recall only one case of cheating. Students simply did not break the code.

I don't know if an honor code is still in effect at any other school, but an incident there did make the newspapers a few years ago and it's a nice illustration of the change in attitude. Some students were protesting against the new draft registration laws, and one of them carried a sign that read "HONOR IS SERVED WITHOUT SERVICE." A subsequent interview with this student in *The New York Times* dealt specifically with the question of honor. The student's name was Mark Warren and he accused that "nothing is worth dying for... Nothing is more important than a human life." He went on, according to the *Times*, to say, "Give me an example of honor." Seeing Americans care for the French *Gaill* to die for America? Are you willing to go over there and die for that? No! Well, then, to make a good example, the other half of the block? He saw the crust in Iraq—the hostages were still in captivity there—as a matter of "the continuing extension of the economic establishment and the oil companies." Certainly not worth dying for.

One would be hard put not to agree. In World War II men died and so did women for the nation and the nation's honor, and they were honored for it in return. Now we have become cynical and such things as the nation's life, rights, unalienable ones, the nation lose the poor to go to the rich, it is no longer sweet, it is no longer fitting, as Ezra Pound rightly pointed out in "High School Morality," *My Jesus must*.

But if not for one country, what shall we be willing to die for? When a nation loses its honor, its citizens lose an anchorage, a reference point, one of their moral absolutes. We have always thought of ourselves as a special people, better informed and much less corrupt than the rest of the world, a nation that took care to be the best of a Europe dense with sinners. It is as if, that dream dead, a victim of the last twenty-five years of our history, we no longer know

what was honorable. If an individual still had a sense of honor, we don't know what to do with it, when and where it applies. History has become an affair of powers and interests and powers at the honor of nations, it has thereby deprived us of models. A sense of honor has become the moral equivalent of a vestigial organ; if it there, and we know it's there, but it seems to have no function.

Like the vestigial appendix, though, it can unexpectedly flare up and let you know. This I recall from my last year in New Jersey. A man and a woman married and with two children, took in the wife's homeless eighteen-year-old female cousin, and a year thereafter the cousin had a baby by the husband. The wife was furious but not so dumfounded that she wanted her husband to leave, nor did the husband particularly want to leave. Another relative intervened and persuaded the husband that the honorable thing to do in this case was to leave his wife and three two children and raise the cousin's baby with her child and live with her. Little knew why he thought that was the honorable thing to do, but that's what he did. Now the husband and the cousin live in Arizona and are by all reports reasonably happy; the wife lives alone with her two children in their old house. Two years after all this transpired, the husband's father, full of shame over what his son had done and brooding upon it all that time, killed himself. He left a note going his reasons.

Not even God will get away with such a plot. Nobody takes his word anymore because he feels the freshly's honor has been besmeared; nothing is worth dying for, anymore! The sensibilities involved in this tale seem twisted and crazy. Yet this is tragedy, not some sort of black farce. People who would not willingly live in disgrace have lost their bearings, and they are objects not of scorn but of pity and awe. It is a paradox of human existence that if nothing were worth dying for, experiments made to die for it would be the best. It becomes always. We put our lives on the line because we want to stand for something, we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor to a cause, a belief, a code outside of and greater than us.

According to legend, a Roman woman who had been raped would plunge a knife into her breast instead of live in dishonor, that was what it meant to be a Roman. At my college the students used to agree to inform on their friends rather than suffer a black in the honor code. A sense of honor is a sense that there are standards of behavior one would live up to, even at the cost of one's personal happiness, even at the cost of one's life. Without such a sense one has to

make up one's mind and wrongs at one goes along—namely, as it happens, to one's own advantage. Morality thereby becomes a matter of expediency, nothing seems worth dying for, and life loses its beauty and some of its value.

In one of these, as I say, with a sense of honor, I will not take credit for work that isn't mine. Though it would have been highly expedient to do so, I once refused to do a doctor's thesis because my coauthors treated me and I had prepared to pay them in full. I try to let my parents and pay my debts and let my actors speak for themselves. If someone insulted me to my face, I would not necessarily follow the Christian practice of turning the other cheek. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that I should always behave honorably toward women. But I must admit that it is a sometimes thing. I once dropped a woman without ever explaining to her why, without even telling her I was dropping her, and the memory of it haunts me still. I have not told every woman personal confidante and close other things of which I am ashamed. Worst of all, I have no idea what I would do worth dying for. America? I'm not so sure. My family? My children? It would depend. To see the lives, probably, but to save their honor? It would seem a waste.

Our recent history has deprived us of models. I cherish the story of John Sobieski, a Polish duke of Queen Elizabeth's time who strongly opposed her proposed marriage to the Duke of Marlborough, a French Catholic. Sobieski knew the penalty for doing so, which was the loss of his head, nevertheless he published a pamphlet against the marriage called *The Discovery of a Gaping Gulf between England's title to be maintained by another French Marriage of the Lion*. Sobieski was the last to die by killing his Majesty as the act and punishment thereof. He was accordingly tried, convicted, and led out for public execution of the sentence. Sobieski lay his right hand on the block, the ax fell, and it came to his feet, then it leaped straight high in the air, and cried out to the crowd, "Long live the queen!"

In spite of the blood and the horror, it is the beauty of such an act that stands out. A man lives up to his beliefs, he acts with courage and great style and heroically gives of himself in the service of something he feels is greater than himself. We cannot help but honor him, whether we agree with his beliefs or not. I don't know whether I could believe so well in circumstances so rarely demanding, but I know I would like to stand like he did. What I certainly could not claim to be now, an aspiration to others.

ANTHONY ANASTASI is a free lance writer living in New York.

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A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

SMART MONEY The Born-Again House



ILLUSTRATION: JAMES BICE

Lots of people will tell you how to renovate an old house, but nobody tells you why. We are here to testify that not all the advantages of doing it yourself are the kind that click into your pocket or show happily in your bank account. At least as important are the forces that shove you out of state old habits: the pragmatic decisions that refuse you to pick up your tools and scoot on someone else's back; the political decisions that require you to take a stand on local-lead or noise-energy systems; aesthetic decisions that reward you with a renewed affection for the place you live in. Reasonable should be a process of growth, of coming up, at renewal. Asking someone else to do it for you is like going to a exercise facility.

Our own self-improvement story begins when we fell in love with an aging white clapboard farmhouse on a rocky hillside: with ancient apple

trees, in a rural pocket of New York State. So far, we agreed half our time in New York City, we can escape from touch of the dust and chaos of a new suburb. Otherwise, we are no more forward—and probably less so—than an average American male with a sleep course somewhere in his back-ground. Though we know our way around an average toolbox, neither of us had ever attempted much more than the sort of weekend carpentry one can do with a hand saw. When the facts in our city apartment would start to dip, we'd call the plumber. Taking on the responsibility of an old house that had no central heating and just the barest plumbing and wiring was the stuff of midnight nightmares. When we agreed the contract, it felt like we did it in blood.

Several years later, the house is on its way to a rejuvenated existence. We decided not to install the wood fence

by ourselves, but we're building two passive-solar porches using our own labor and our own designs. For hot water we've installed down a gas-fired European-style furnace that heats itself on and off as the tap is opened and closed; local plumbers either hadn't heard of it or tried to convince us it was illegal. We've torn down walls, sanded floors, and planted fruit trees. Last summer we hired a couple of local youngsters and all of us built a two-room addition that gives the house a view of those apple trees—and floods it with natural light—for the first time in its 150-year existence.

This metamorphosis hasn't been easy, we've changed as much as the house has. We're no longer nervous about getting a lawyer to plaster, and we're far less intimidated in the local hardware store. We've discovered how easy it is to change things we don't like and to add things we're always wanted. We've learned not to take our fears too seriously and to balance the self against our common sense, which is surprisingly rigorous if we let it slope. Though we still draw lines between what we can do and what we can't, we've watched those lines change position with astonishing speed. Our old house has shaped us.

A CONNECTION TO THE PAST

Being responsible for an entirely old place isn't just a matter of carpentry and plumbing. You'll find yourself getting acquainted with nearly exact points of view and survival instincts that have disappeared from most of our lives through the forces of modernization. We didn't know it when we bought it, but our plan and peeling farmhouse is a conduit back to the 1820s. We found

the small black dot of the house on a map dating to the 1830s, a rougher told us that it was one of two houses built high on the ridge because judges were not safe to make their courts. The people who settled here used the technology of self-choice: they collected stones from the fields for the house's foundation and inserted a wood frame by nailing the studs into the beams with a hand ax (we came across the mortar-and-trowel saw on our first day building the plaster walls). These first owners chopped logs, but got so safe to make their posts and cut floorboards from the trunks in the woods. One day we discovered the original soft-maple floors under a thick layer of dirt-gray paint and linoleum glue.

The settlers also had an eye for the environment. Millstone. They built the house with an broad side facing south so it would soak up the sun's heat. They planted deciduous trees to shade it in summer. On the west side they thickened it from the water winds with a row of pines, and for storm protection in all seasons, they made sure the house itself sat just below the lip of the ridge. And they divided its four rooms, two story floor into living space for the family on one side and stables for the livestock on the other. We found the remains of the stable when we tore into an upstairs wall, just as a dormer window. Behind the plaster was a solid row of six-by-six-inch timbers, the remains of a hayrack over the stables—a favored method of construction, apparently, among the Dutch theologians who settled the area in the eighteenth century. They put their young animals next door for extra warmth in the winter and for easy access to the stalls. Such discoveries

Man At His Best

we wash more than money.

The traces left by those set-backs suggest the first advantage of health-on-reservation: you can go as slowly as you please. Floors with a history should be taken apart and put together with extra sensitivity. You may need several months, even years, to know in place and make the right decisions. What's behind that rotting wallboard? It turned out to be loosely wood-jointing. Where's the best place for the bed-room? We slept in the house for two years before it became obvious.

There's a second advantage. If you do the work yourself, well, you'll get what you want. And nobody knows what you want better than you do. When a contractor tears down a wall, he puts a new one where the plan says he should. When we took down a wall, light flooded into the darkest of rooms and instantly transformed it. We looked at each other and screamed the plan.

The third advantage is that even the most conscientious local carpenter can't always go as such advances as the solar options and sophisticated strategies that are quickly altering the technology of home construction. We've used such double-stud walls, with that air-bubble inside so that air can circulate through-out, greenhouse collectors, and extra-heavy thermal barriers and partitions to keep houses warm and from the heat generated by people and appliances. Using your old house as a testing ground for the survival skills you'll need in the twenty-first century presents a handsome economy that you'll need to do a lot of research, and you'll have to fight the sort of resistance you see who view me wanted to start a new six inches of insulation in our old new walls.

Overhauling an old house is undoubtedly not for everyone. But if you do love the temperature, we can help. We've earned words of wisdom. First, the job will always take more time than you think but it never as bad as it looks. When it begins to seem endless,

you've probably almost done. Critics follow the same formula. The total bill will always be higher than you expected, but cheap changes can make far more difference than you imagine. One of our first acts was to paint the scroled-stained, dark-green living room, and it lightened our mood enormously. Finally, follow your instincts. The books tell you to start with major structural changes and leave the finishing details till last. That's a good rule, but your instincts may be worth more than the small cost of doing something twice. In a moment of desperation we decided to seal the doors first, and the discovery of dust and mold made planks underneath the crackly layers became a kind of metaphor for the changes we could expect to see. We haven't been depressed since.

HOME TOMES

A project of this scale must be regarded as a fact-finding mission, a resource search. One of two book carpentry books, if you are an amateur, we used: *Walls II: Wallpaper's Modern Companion* (Good and Beautiful) and *R J De Chastellain's Remodeling Illustrated* (Harper & Row). Our second more practical book has come from the Time-Life series and the Bantam Press: *Roald's Build Your Own Home* (Krieger), by instance, is a timely short course on planning, wiring, cabinetry, and how to put it all together.

For those restoring eighteenth- and nineteenth-century houses, there are technical reference books such as the *Old-House Journal Compendium*. Our own notes prove that historically minded, we find we often learn as much from magazines like *Country Journal*, *Home Shelter*, and *Popular Science* (which also publishes home-improvement books). These promises to be more such magazines: those of us facing our own houses spend \$25 a billion in 1983, but other solutions of how many of us are across about giving an old house a new lease on life.

—Kay Lawson
and Ross Weinstein

ESOTERICA

Nothing to Sneeze At



It's hygienic, does the snuff-box was a common accessory for a populace bent on sneezing, but the snuff-box just doesn't have the cachet it once did, and the snuff-box is now a quaint decorative object, only occasionally put to use. This is not at all a bad turn of events, as most of us would prefer to keep our snuff-box private and our snuff-boxes public.

Snuff and snuffboxes were a pre-dominant theme when a world full of snuff needed to be enclosed with and the concealed more desirable for its possibilities. Snuff, which was made basically of ground tobacco, was also used for health purposes, the common snuff-box being that by sneezing you were blowing dust out of your head. Snuffboxes were used as elegantly in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as cigarette lighters are now, but their design suited far more imaginative. Practically any shape that could be translated into a snuffbox was, and so you might find one with a cow, a person, or a ship snuff-box on the top of it. You might find any variety of tablets painted or etched onto one. You might also find an entire snuff-box in the shape of a book or a trunk. Generally they were small, but by coming to reach two fingers and but small enough to carry about in a pocket.

Perhaps the best thing to do with snuffboxes now is to col-

lect them. As artifacts they are fairly affordable, and because they are available in such variety your collection promises to be idiosyncratic. One particularly interesting snuff-box is a Scottish silver called a snuff. This was made from the horns of a stag's head, which was boiled until it was soft enough to be curled. The horn, naturally hollow, was hollowed out further and then mounted on a base of silver, bronze, or pewter. Sometimes snuff was mounted with carapace, a Scottish garnet. And sometimes the horns, instead of being curled, was fashioned into a shape. At James Robinson in New York, for instance, you can find a snuff in the shape of a book and another in the shape of a snuff's head.

Prices vary according to age, material, and the specialness of the design. There are books from royal courts that are priced beyond comprehension, but at James Robinson, where Edward Morton Jr. is on hand to assist you, you'll find a vast array of styles to choose from. There are snuffboxes that date from the inception of their use in the seventeenth century, as well as ones from the eighteenth and nineteenth-century gold boxes can cost as much as \$15,000. If it is a bit steep for you, there are examples for \$850 to \$2,000 and hand-made nineteenth-century wood or paper-inlaid boxes for \$250 to \$1,500. ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY BOWEN



Throw it a curve.

Take the new Prelude out on a winding road. Accelerate. Feel it turn through a series of curves with precision. It's an impressive performance, one that began when Honda engineers asked a question. How could front-wheel drive and aerodynamic design work together more compatibly?

The answer was an innovative low-profile, double wishbone front suspension. This gives the front-wheel-drive Prelude one of the lowest hoodlines on the road. With excellent handling,

Car and Driver magazine (May, 1983) put it this way. "This car is a shining example of how linear handling characteristics make a car enjoyable for the enthusiast. A true driver's machine."

Of course, you don't have to tear into a switchback in order to appreciate this Honda. Even standing still, **HONDA** We make it simple.

Man At His Best

SPECIAL PLACES European Street Fare



While taken their seat, their food, their tobacco and their coffee wait, but one thing the European will do better in the sidewalk café. Maybe it doesn't travel well. Somehow the still wicker chairs, the brasserie, white-aproned waiters, the lady who mends before 6 Over There. So go to the source, which is everywhere on the Continent, from the Left Bank to the Tiber, from the Piazza San Marco north to Stockholm's Old Town. Alone or together, you'll find the outdoor café with one of life's most romantic attractions—a place to scribble a few hours of time, to track your head in a Henry James novel, or to connect, by meeting with the mysterious stranger at the next table (you be or she doesn't speak only Russian).

PARIS: AUX DEUX MAGOTS, CAFÉ LE FLORE, BRASSERIE LIPP

St. Germain-des-Près was at the height of literary glory in the Lost Generation writers of the 1920s and the existentialists of the 1940s (most part of maturity now, their café is still lit with good talk, still overflowing their notebooks with new-venture insights).

At Deux Magots (No. 6, No. 10), the birthplace of surrealism, it today merely enforces a sprawling corner café always

tuned to a sidewalk show—a live-act, a mime strolling an unassuming, odd-joked stroll. At No. 112 to Café le Flore, since the house of the sculptor-tablets, of Simone de Beauvoir and Sartre and actresses Ganna, who mostly stared away because Sartre was supposedly pining for him. Today it's a favorite luncheon and network stop for the publishing folk concentrated in the quarter. If you get the second table in front of the main door, you're sitting with the show of France, who come here often after World War II to sip a small bottle of mineral water and talk quietly with Spanish friends.

Brasserie Lipp (No. 100), across the street, is hard to find at midnight because the automatic owner is famous for switching lights. But you may get a sidewalk seat and watch the politicians, film producers, and writers glide through their tables in back. Brasserie's way went to Lipp's in *A Man who Runs for Beer and potato salad*, then, stopping coffee at Deux Magots, went back to work at his table at the Closerie des Lilas in Montparnasse—another quarter still rich with café.

ROME: ROSATI

If you wonder what has become of its daily side these twenty years later, it still lives at Rosati, a stylish late-night terrace on the Piazza del Popolo. This is no Via Veneto

café, where you're more likely to meet a Mancipolitan than a Roman, nor is it the Sicilian—close to its closely heart—on the Piazza Navona, where most of the talk centers on the house itself. Rosati is purely Roman, a favorite of the best-of-the-best people, known habitués as *belve grise*, particularly those of the movie and theater business. You may be only a table removed from the ravishing young actress Stefania Sandrelli or the name account but equally fetching Monica Vitti. Even if no one of note is about, the growing Massimo that pass slowly in front give the café added the whole square, a sense of being an audience.

The Piazza del Popolo—a large roundabout oval with an Egyptian obelisk, two fountain, and a pair of baroque fountains, is bordered by the Tier and Pincus Hill. Rosati, its tables spilling well onto the square, is in the upper right-hand corner as you come through the great arches. It specializes in the Roman way, you'll drink lightly—a Carpano or an espresso. Or try one of the wonderful flat-foamed drinks.

VENICE: FLORIAN

No visitor to Venice can pass up the café Florian on the Piazza San Marco any more than he can miss the Bridge of Sighs or the Doges' Prison. Founded in 1771, it has harbored Byron, Goethe, George Bernard, and any number of fictional characters, such as Senator Leyris in *Sans Dodo* novels, whose life is known changed as he sits one afternoon at its favorite table. In a city that is a stage, Florian is the place to be in the late afternoon when the sun is gliding off the Basilica San Marco and shadows are lengthening across the huge marble-piazza. Under an awning, herbal poted plants, a piano and a violin pour out everything from Mozart to Gertrude. A red-coated little boy comes in another with a load of pigeons onto the square. And the coffee serves late-war, barely filling the lustrous half of the cup, but somehow rich and life-giving.

COPENHAGEN: HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE

If a café can evoke both 1963 and 1933, it is the national terrace of the Hotel d'Angleterre, a gorgeous carved-wood world pie in the heart of Copenhagen. Spring to hit, the hotel opens its café to sun and sky, drawing Danish grandfathers with their unbelievable caps and bright young Copenhageners on their way to and from the Royal Theatre across the square, or lists off the traffic on the shopping street, *Strøget*, around the corner. You can get by with a cup of coffee, but who at any hour can resist the hotel's open-faced sandwiches, as renowned, as the concept of pastries, called *"Denst"* here but *"Vemose"* (Hershey's). These are coffee cakes in Copenhagen—those in Thailand and on Gray Pines in Canada. For instance, but the Hotel d'Angleterre is always English—Danish for goodness.

STOCKHOLM: STORTORGSKALLAREN

At the heart of Stockholm's Grand Sten Old Town is a little square called Stortorget. On one side stands the old-angled Stock Exchange, where the Swedish Academy debates and announces the Nobel Prize for literature each year. On the other side, and no less proud by name, is the Stortorgetskaleten a cellar restaurant that opens a corner sidewalk café in summer. The view is almost busy tale in scope: rows of restored fourteenth-century town houses painted ochre, rust, and orange and, at the center of the square, parked flowers, iron benches, and a dipping fountain where villagers—and Grand Sten is no such a village in Greenwich—come to fill their water pails. For lunch or a snack, order the irresistible trio for *hassur* and eat out three little crabs of variously pickled herrings with cheese. And drink Swedish rye on the side. Swedish, you'll notice, is a cast café setting. In fact, the loudest noise is Grand Sten on a summer afternoon in the clump of wooden chairs.

—David Ratwin

Christian Dior: Men's Clothing

Dress Shirts, Neckwear and Accessories for Men
Sportswear and Jewelry for Women



The day the Diors gave up smoking, they went out in search of a better bad habit.

IT WAS THE MUSIC AMERICA GREW UP WITH



The most comprehensive collection of original big band recordings ever. Recapturing all the excitement of the best-loved era in American music.



If filed glittering ballrooms from the Model Astor to the Grosvenor Grove, it was the music of swing process and rejuvenating weekends. You could hear it at lavish parties in Newport, and in jukeboxes all across America. Suddenly, everybody was listening to the big band sound!

The ultimate collection of original big band recordings. This is a collection that would be difficult—or impossible—for any individual to assemble. For it has been brought together from the archives of all the major record companies and vintage labels like Brunswick, OKeh, Vocalion, Bluebird and Parloxy.

The collection will reach back to musical luminaries like Paul Whiteman, with King Cole's, Hank and other Hendersons, who influenced Benny Goodman and many others, the early sounds of Ben Goldkette, and Fred Winesap.

It will include many recordings now considered rare treasures by collectors, such as the Wayne King's "Meadow in June"—have been unavailable for years. Others were only released on TV—and never reissued. And still others are hard-to-find.



comprehensive collection of original big band recordings ever.

A history of big band music unraveled in our time, this remarkable new collection will include the great bands, legends and soloists in their greatest recorded performances, sensational favorites like the Benny Gray Orchestra with Helen O'Connell's constant "Inimitable You" . . . Gene Miller's top-selling "Don't Be Like the Apple Tree" . . . and Benny Goodman's "Sing, Sing, Sing" at Carnegie Hall.

Here too are all the hit songs by the great bands that make these legends: Charlie Barnet's "Cherokee," Frankie Carli's "Swing Serenade," Les Elman's "Sensational Journey," and Billy DeVinny's classic "Swing Weather." You'll hear the big band vocalists that audiences loved and still remember: Frank Sinatra with

The Franklyn Mint Record Society—only—pulled by a scale experts to produce some of the finest records available today.

Each recording will first undergo a painstaking restoration process—its electronic surface more and improve the original brilliance of the music.

The records will be produced from a special vinyl compound that avoids dust and static-charge build-up, improving the clarity of the sound. Each record will be pressed in a dust-free "clean room" under the strictest quality standards. The result will be true, high-quality records that actually sound better than the originals.

Special hardcover albums have been designed to house and protect your investment. Each album will be produced from a special vinyl compound that avoids dust and static-charge build-up, improving the clarity of the sound. Each record will be pressed in a dust-free "clean room" under the strictest quality standards. The result will be true, high-quality records that actually sound better than the originals.

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Please enter my subscription for The Greatest Recordings of the Big Band Era this recording of 100 great quality records on special hardcover albums at the same price of \$10.75 plus \$1.95 packaging shipping and handling per record.

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THE GREATEST RECORDINGS OF THE BIG BAND ERA ARCHIVE COLLECTION

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CLASSICS

The Bathing Suit



In the beginning, of course, people swam in the nude. This situation persisted for centuries, during which time a number of ingenious solutions were devised by those societies pleased at public nudity but lacking suitable garments for the water. For instance, in pre-bathing suit eighteenth-century England bathers enclosed themselves in "bathing machines," which were small wooden cabins mounted on wheel covers with doors at both ends. The novelist Tolstoy described the Hapsburg Czar how these old precursors of the bathing suit were used at the seaside spa of Sochi in 1771.

"The bather, ascending into this apartment by wooden steps, stands himself in, and begins to undress, while the attendant yanks a barre to the end next the sea and draws the coverlet forwards, till the surface of the water is on a level with the floor of the dressing-room, then he comes and fasts the barre to the other end—The person within, being supported, opens the door to the sea-water, and plunges head long into the water—After being bathed, he reascends into the apartment, and puts on his clothes at his leisure, while the carriage is drawn back upon the dry land."

These life wooden bloats performed well enough for the wealthy few who took the

leisure of a Seaside town a few hundred years ago, but they'd be a little hard to picture at sea. Coney Island today? Fortunately, swimming did not become a widely popular pastime until the late nineteenth century, when there were trains to transport people quickly and in great numbers to the beach. And by that time these were, indeed, bathing suits. Around 1846, in fact, someone came up with so-called swim shorts, and from then on, men were able to bathe in modesty without donning the natives in portable dressing rooms.

But the first swim trunks left a bit to be desired. They were extremely heavy when wet, and they had a tendency to fall down. In the 1860s the situation improved considerably as the lighter and somewhat more secure one-piece flannel bathing suit—with knee-length slits and horizontal stripes—became the average man's bathing costume.

Later on, flannel was replaced by the lighter and far more comfortable knitted jersey. And synthetic fabrics, introduced in the 1950s, made bathing suits lighter still and also fast-drying.

As for style, the suit simply became briefer and briefer. The legs grew progressively shorter, and the top part disappeared for good in the 1930s. Today there are two essential designs: the boxer and the bikini. Both styles are accept-

able, though you won't find bikini at any of the elite establishments—Paul Stuart, J. Press, or Brooks Brothers—and you can read whatever you like into that information.

A man's body is never more exposed in public than it is at the beach, and a good many men are justifiably sheepish about their. For this reason, and because men buy bathing suits so infrequently, a few words of caution are in order.

Always accentuate the body's good body looks better, a bad body looks worse. Overall, the best contemporary man's bathing suit is the slim-cut boxer. Slits in dark colors are safest because they're slimming; white colors make the untrimmed swimmer look lumpy, a beige or otherwise skin-colored suit makes him look naked, white suits can be dangerous be-

cause in most fabrics they become transparent when wet. Nylon is the quickest-drying material (see Polo's 100 percent nylon shorts at Bloomingdale's, \$28), but it is not as comfortable as cotton or some of the blends. Merino's cotton Lycra garments, for instance, are comfortable and sporty (ESSE), and Polo's cotton trunks (\$28-\$32) are excellent examples of the modern conservative style.

Whatever you buy, you will be the beneficiary of two centuries of progress. Your suit will be featherlight when dry and only a few ounces heavy when wet—a far cry from the first juteen suits (in 1833, which weighed nine pounds) wet, and the old bathing machines, which weighed several hundred in or out of the water.

—John Berendt

GOOD THINKING
An Unmarried Man

Very often those of us who are Single get a feeling that the rest of society thinks of us as having done something wrong—as being somehow deficient, or unusual, or maybe even criminal. It's as though they see us running around naked except for party hats, throwing streamers, chasing girls, viewing movies, and being away from the money everyone else is spending on gas bills and auto payments. What they don't know is that we carry the weight of the ignorance and ignorance of those who don't know but don't.

That's why a new book called *Single State* (Ballantine Books, \$4.95) might be good for you. If you're Single, it celebrates the whole and/or part of getting through it alone, and if you're not, it'll let you know what's cooking on the other side of the border.

Single State is a kind of nice, fat magazine of a book. It editor, Peter Kayler, pulled together some of America's best/worst writers and had each describe a separate as-

pect of existence as the Unmarried State. The book isn't so much a guide as it is a guided tour of the State of Being Single. The essays discuss contributions from "Monogamy" (the predominant fear of being Single) to "Perfect Simplicity" (how to exist happily by yourself). Mostly, though, the essays are directly based on the shoulders that shake the reader into a land of constancy.

The book covers topics from cooking to Technology and criticizes what two American critics call to stigmas, all to dispel the commonness among the unfortunates who could, according to the introduction, "overrun and take control of California...elect a governor...stop them from making any more TV news anchors...Single starting *House Franklin* or *Sally Struthers*. We are not alone."

If you are feeling alone and you want to find a little party between covers where you can meet an angel and converse with your own kind, *Single State* is for you. It's the intelligent alternative to *Club Med*.

"Puerto Rican white rum makes a better tonic drink than gin or vodka."



ILLUSTRATION: TONY WATKINS



"It's remarkable how our Puerto Rican white rum makes so many drinks taste better."

—Archievo Ricardo Izquierdo and his wife Ingrid

Whenever you go these days, people are pouring Puerto Rican white rum in place of gin or vodka. In some drinks, in Bloody Marys and Screwdrivers, with soda, or on the rocks.

Because white rum possesses a smoothness not to be found in gin or vodka—You see, white rum from Puerto Rico is aged at least one year, by law. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Make sure the rum is from Puerto Rico.

Great rum has been made in Puerto Rico for almost five centuries. Our specialized skills and dedication have produced rums of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder 80% of the rum sold in the United States comes from Puerto Rico.

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THE SEASONED COOK

Corn Bread with Character



There are those who will tell you that real corn bread has just a little sugar in it. They'll say it enhances the flavor or that it's an old tradition in the South. Ho, not ho to them. If God had wanted for corn bread to have sugar in it, he'd have called it *corn*.

Real corn bread is not sweet. Real corn bread is not homogeneous with the addition of flour or pulled up with excessive artificial rising agents. Real corn bread rises from its own strength of character, has substance, crust, and heteromorphous corn bread doesn't develop so luscious cornmeal, buttermilk, or cracklings for its quality. Real corn bread is a forthright, honest loaf as good as the anatomy of an oak and the pine it is baked in.

That pan had to be a cast-iron skillet, preferably one inherited from a ancestor who knew how to wield it. My mother, who made real corn bread almost every day of my growing-up life, has a prove-give-a-square cast-iron skillet given by a great aunt. She who is an eight-six corn-bread fan I would be satisfied to find as my sole inheritance someday. In the meantime, I like corn bread in a one-inch metal cast-iron skillet. I grabbed up as a second-hand because it already had a black, rusty crust

on the outside and the proper sheen of seasoning within.

If you have to start with a pan fresh from the store, season it according to the instructions for cast iron, then fry bacon in it every morning for a month to add a little flavor. Four the leftover bacon grease into an empty one quart coffee can and refrigerate it. When your pan dries with a pipe-coupled and don't start washing it with anything as destructive as soap and water. When the grease starts to turn black and shiny, you're ready to start making corn bread.

WHAT ARE DRIPPINGS?

It's not enough to have the right pan, however; you also need to know how to heat it properly. Heating right is the most important part of the art of making corn bread, because if you have your skillet and drippings just hot enough, you'll consistently turn out corn bread with a flakiness known as craggy crust.

"Just what are drippings?" you may ask here, thereby revealing that you have never been closer than a pig's eye to a country kitchen.

In a family, drippings were the bacon grease or another saved every morning in coffee cans if you've followed the directions for seasoning a new pan, you're in good shape

here. But what if you've inherited a well-seasoned pan and want to start baking corn bread before your next breakfast? Or what if you've never eaten bacon in your life? Don't despair. You will learn, as I did during a hard fistfight with vegetable oil, that while bacon drippings impart a distinctive taste to corn bread cooked with them, they aren't essential to baking great corn bread. You can substitute a fat with grease.

If you feel extravagant, you can use half a stick of butter, but if you need to conserve, you can use some not too farched off with a teaspoon or two of butter for effect. If you like the look, you can use peanut oil or the thick, golden corn oil sold in health food stores that tastes like Keweenaw in the heady breath of late August. But you can't use olive oil or sesame oil (too strong and foreign), and margarine won't last night.

To heat the pan correctly, you must know it in the oven and it and the drippings are really hot but not smoking. Knowing just how long that takes is a trick you'll learn with time. A good rule of thumb is to heat the pan for one hour, you can do other ingredients, but don't stir too slowly. A good precaution is to make stages of preheating corn bread is to check the pan frequently.

A final secret on the art of heating: It does not work to heat the corn bread skillet on top of the stove. Doing so may give you burnt setting off the smoke alarm, but the burner will create circular hot spots in your skillet and when you flip it to get the corn bread up, the middle crust will get burned, chipping to these spots.

ENOUGH, NOT ENOUGH

You will need **enough**, of course. You may want to invest in a sturdy little griddle and substitute the玉米 you used to bake it. You can't afford to substitute a thick metal griddle in a stove somewhere that sells only store-brand cornmeal is expensive and bread burn, paper legs. Either method is fine. Both will take up just as

much as the **corn** really ground white cornmeal you can find in large grocery stores market shelf. That's what my mother always used, and years of sampling gourmet grades have given me no reason to switch her preference.

In my mother's kitchen, where I learned to make corn bread, there were two kinds of measurements: enough and not enough. If we owned anything as fancy as a measuring cup, I'm sure it was not taken down for an occurrence as everyday as the baking of dinner corn bread. I do know that we had a set of four measuring spoons in primary colors, because it made a handy toy for waiting children, but I do remember ever seeing it in my mother's hand as she sprinkled salt, baking powder, or soda into the corn bread mixture bowl. In the event of a race, however, and for those unable to visit my mother's kitchen, her substitute art is covered here in teaspoons, tablespoons and cups. What follows is a recipe for real corn bread, enough to accompany dinner for six.

Turn on your oven to 450 degrees. Preheat a non-stick enamel cast-iron skillet or a reasonable ceramic thermal, place four tablespoons of the grease of your choice. Place the skillet in the oven and heat it until the smoke begins and crackles when you wiggle the pan.

While the grease heats, mix together in a medium-sized bowl two cups of finely ground white cornmeal with one teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of baking soda, and one-half teaspoon of baking powder. Use your fingers to blend them together well.

Grab one big egg or two little ones into the moist mixture. Add one and a half cups of milk or buttermilk. Stir until just blended. Remove the skillet from the oven and swirl it carefully to create a thick and even coating of the grease on the pan but not your hand. Pour the grease into the corn bread mixture, and if everything is going right, it will crackle irregularly. Mix

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together well with a big wood or spoon, using about twenty-five strokes.

Place the mixture back into the hot skillet and return it to the oven for twenty minutes. Run the pan under the broiler for a few seconds to get a light-brown top crust, then remove it from the oven and turn it upside down onto a large plate. If your skillet is seasoned right, the bread will slide out in a hot

oven slab. If not, then just serve it straight from the pan. It will taste every bit as good. (This recipe can also be baked in a oven stick pan, but the baking time is cut in half.)

Serve the bread with fresh sweet butter, or cranberry or a honey and coconut with hot pink sauce, a goose sauce, and sweet pickles on the side. Now, that's our cut bread.

—Ronnie Landry

THE DRINKING MAN Fruitful Spirits



The stigma attached to men who drink has passed, that it belongs to an erasing genre, which inevitably ignores and communitizes was the order of the day, when we didn't consider our rituals and habits—from eating to speaking to drinking—with such gravity. For many, men's and the third sex of wine, the suggestion of men in a contemporary crowd seems akin to a cry of "he ow!" or a singing at Crosby, Stills, and Nash tones.

The fact is that men, a Swedish wine punch, is not as familiar as that. Its etymology is genuine, and, if hard-pressed, you could even find sections for it in the Bible. ("Gather ye wine, and sweeter fruits... and eat them as your victuals." Jeremiah 40:12.) It's true, of course, that men's status as a popularity here in the United States during the late 1960s and early 1970s that it hasn't

had before and hasn't had since. It's been suggested, for example, that men's was an alcoholic habit for our rugged social relations a decade or so ago, sort of a liquid tonic, a cool thing for men and women to share in restaurants. I don't see it, certainly true that men's isn't to be taken seriously by connoisseurs of spirits. It's given a more real (or not) dimension as all in most wine guides. But men's is a punch, after all, was an entertainment rather than wine or art.

In such modesty, though, less its strongly suggests it is entertaining both to prepare and to serve. Its first advantage is that it's inexpensive. You make it best with rag wine; the reasons of those that make good wine good are all but obscured by what you'll add to it to make men's. Either red or white will do. Red is more commonly used, white yields a lighter, more femininely brew-

er's sip after you choose the wine that the available begins. The success of all wine punch depends on the balance between the wine and what goes in it. The delight for the prepared is that the balance is not delicate and you can experiment to your pleasure. The wine will flavor the fruit, and the fruit will flavor the wine.

Citrus might always be a prime contributor: slices of orange, lemon, lime, and grapefruit are standard. (If you prefer instead of sliced fruit, leave the skins on if it'll fit into the bottom of the punch bowl and you'll lose a rather attractive visual effect.) But oranges played suggesting other additional possibilities: strawberries, apples, lemons, and pears are often called for, but be advised that you might not want to include anything you wouldn't care to eat soggy. The point is, there is what you want. It would be hard to argue that you can run a punch by overlooking it. For some people, bottled fruit

is simply the main attraction.

To sweeten, simply sugar the fruit before pouring the wine over it. Or, a little clearer, make a syrup by boiling a mixture of sugar, cinnamon, and water, give your stored fruit with the cooled syrup, then chill the whole collection for several hours before combining with the wine. The result is an offset candied sugar. All sugars should be served well cold. For wassail and, will without just before serving, for wassail and, throw in a healthy measure of toasts. (On this last, at least, modernists' simple hangovers are formidable.)

If wine punch in a modern context is still fashionable, try this occasion. If it's the best in late August, evening coming on, and you can feel in the air a hint that summer, like an uncertain, stay lower, thinking of making no one. It's a suitably time, timeless and age-old. What the hell. What a game is gone. Towel some restless yearning with marled spruce-springs, trappery on ice.

—Bruce Weber

WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW How to Keep Your Place Nice

Like so many middle-class American boys, I pined from my education for a sentimental mastery of the reputation of my father. French verbs and name of horse connoisseurs. So I found when I first started to live alone that I had no idea how to keep my place nice. Every time I was talking to a beautiful woman, I'd find myself blushing or sweating. Not being the kind of person who, when combined with an upper-class, sophisticated with different methods could be found a valuable asset, I didn't do either. And during—the notes learned me no end. When, I wondered, does the dirt go? Is the idea that when you wipe that off

a table it goes on the floor, where you're supposed to vacuum it, or what? Of course, when I accepted myself with these metaphysical exercises, I was going to do—except the pathing of god. Eventually I'd call my mother, get some idea of the accepted procedure, and tackle the problem. I'd find out that the correct telephone calls, and through my own investigation, I came to discover that cleaning house is not nearly as daunting as I imagined it to be. It always had a certain set of rules and procedures, but connoisseurs can sense.

Let's begin at the beginning. Dirt comes in three principal forms, the first of which de-

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THE ISSUE THAT MAKES MAGAZINE HISTORY!
COMING DECEMBER, 1983.



cause it's the easiest to deal with) is clutter. Sometimes getting rid of clutter is actually fun—the joy of having a place to store it, even if you're just throwing things in the dust. And with a minimum of effort, some simple straightening-up makes a big difference in the appearance of your abode. A friend of mine says that if he's pressed for time, he can make his place go from dump-city to presentability merely by stowing the several pairs of shoes he generally has strewn across the floor.

The second kind of dirt is dirt, defined as stuff that's not stuck to a surface but is too small to pick up with those eyes. In time, days in New York City, weeks in Arizona (but eventually everywhere), everything gets dusty. It's an act of nature. Like the blowing of dirt: How do you get rid of dust? In almost every case, with a vacuum cleaner. Wiping with a cloth cannot help but spread it around, a vacuum suckles it. As one expert reasonably put it, you should "vacuum everything long enough or rigid enough not to get sucked up the nozzle."

Unless you have a preference of wall-to-wall carpets, your best bet is probably a cordless vacuum, rather than an upright model. Cordless (which can be had for under one hundred dollars) come with attachments for cleaning rugs and carpets, as well as

ones that can tackle bare floors, radices, drapes, plants, books, lamps, paintings, air conditioners, radiators, bookshelves, upholstered furniture, wicker furniture, and practically anything else you can think of. Actually, you probably wouldn't think of vacuuming a lot of this stuff, but you should. Dust is bad. Too much of it is a pain, for instance, does at least two unwelcome things: it weakens the fabric of the upholstery, which makes it wear out sooner; and it loosens dust to be air, which makes a lot of people sneeze.

Cleaning consultants and other "live-with-it" types claim that you can reduce your dust by tidying up a three-by-five mat—rubber-bottomed, carpet-topped—made and made just for entrance. If you can live with that decorum, it's probably a good idea.

The third kind of dirt, grime, can't be vacuumed up; it has to be rubbed out. What's important here is having the right tools and the right cleaner. As for the former, you can handle most any surface if you have sponges, a bucket and mop (the string had is preferable to the sponge), and dry cloths to wipe with. For these, the conventional wisdom is to use soft rags, old diapers is the classic example (I don't know about you, but I don't have too many old diapers around the apartment—or a

washing machine in my spare room to clean them every time they get dirty. So I use soft paper towels. They're less economical, but they get the job done and they're convenient in bed.) They're also fine for dusting the surfaces a vacuum cleaner can't get at—the tops of picture frames, for example.)

Choosing what kind of cleaning substance to use appears to be a damn confusing decision, but it really isn't. I sought cleaning experts and household-hints columnists (not to provide elaborate recipes for mixing your own concoctions with such ingredients as ammonia, vinegar, baking soda, and laundry detergent), it's such open conversation, and only a little more expensive, to choose first the products around in the consumer-cleaning goods aisle of the supermarket. This stuff all works reasonably well, and you can't go wrong if you just read the labels on the products. If you're looking to consolidate your purchases, an all-purpose cleaner like Mr. Clean or Top Job—augmented with a wood cleaner-solub—can take care of just about of your needs.

I have, however, one caveat to the anything-goes cleaner philosophy: It has to do with what is for some reason probably the most popular cleaner among women: white scouring powder, like Comet or Ajax. Perchloric acids and bleaches are designed for easy cleaning by even casual cleaners. I like to say it, follow, but when you rub and rub with an abrasive, you're ruing the surface, so that eventually an abrasive is the only thing that will get it clean. Even if your suds are already on their way out, it's better to use a mild cleanser on your sponge. Comet's Soft Scrub is a good bet.

I now come to windows, the cleaning chore that has probably struck more income into men's hands than any other household task save even driving. Still, clean windows can make a dramatic difference in how a room looks. And in how's that to them. Forget if you've read and been told

about waiting for a cloudy day, wiping with newspapers, and all that. Here's a shortcut: Just mix up a bucketful of warm water with a little ammonia (in the case homemade here or called for), wash the window with the sponge end of the squeegee, and wipe it dry with the rubber end. Done.

This, however, leaves open the question of how to deal with the outside of the window, which brings me to my next topic: Mosquitoes. Unless you live on the first floor, have one of those detachable insulated windows, or see Philippe Petit, you probably won't stand to wash the outside of your windows and should have them done professionally. I would also put this in the same category. I myself act around the need to perform this task by being thoroughly careful about not getting my eyes dirty (I haven't missed a steak there for seven years.) Similarly, maintaining your floors and shampooing your rugs are outdoor jobs that most people dread doing and probably wouldn't do well. Having someone to do them is much better than sitting around feeling guilty.

As she suggests, psychology has a great deal to do with how long it takes. It doesn't sound like much, but talking on all the lights and opening the windows before it starts cleaning helps me a lot. If you don't go about them methodically, your household tasks will begin to seem Sisyphean, a legacy that is never completed. So take a little bit at a time. Before you start to clean, always know exactly what you plan to do and how much time you plan to spend doing it. This way, because you're limited, you'll have a satisfying sense of completeness instead of a sense that there's so much more to do.

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DOCUMENTARY

Esquire

When You Absolutely, Positively Want the Best

by
Lynn Hirschberg

Joe Sedelmaier and the renaissance of the American commercial

JOE SEDELMAIER DIRECTS TELEVISION COMMERCIALS.

The last talking man for Federal Express—that's a Sedelmaier. The James ad where appliances blow up just as their warranties expire—another Sedelmaier. The Mr. Coffee spot in which a mole of disgruntled coffee drinkers bust cups and saucers out their windows, and the Jetras ad with the multiplying rabbits—both unquestionably Sedelmaier. His commercials are instantly recognizable. They are funny. They are odd. They are shrewdly surgical thirty-second dissertations on the laws of daily life, and they are, by far, the strongest advertisements on television. They may also be the best.

Lynn Hirschberg has written about jive Lewis Caroll food and other entertainment personalities. This is her first piece for Esquire.



Joe Sedelmaier directed this Ford Mustang. Federal Express ad & made this a legend and then the number one overnight delivery company in America.

Advertising executives are impressed with Sedelmaier's work, but they are still wary. There are Sedelmaier's commercials—Joe is the best creative director in advertising," says Arad Gurgano of Ally & Gurgano—and there there is Sedelmaier himself. "You have to be willing to take a chance with Joe," one agency creative director says. "Joe is difficult. He likes... to take control."

Sedelmaier and Control. This is not a minor point. Control is essential in advertising, and Sedelmaier, the ad execs say, demands control. "Joe has a problem differentiating between cooperation and collaboration," says one executive, and advertising is a business of compromise. A commercial is supposed to sell something. And Sedelmaier, the ad guys complain, is less concerned with demographics than with comic timing. With casting. With that weird world of everyday dress that all his commercials live in.

"You always lose," says Mike Withers, art director for the Acura ads, "but the reason most commercials are mediocre is because the creative system is used in planning campaigns. And that can be the reason because you often take in compromises. Most are afraid to register an independent opinion. When a director, like Sedelmaier, has control over a project, when he takes charge, you can see it, for better or worse, immediately."

When it rains. But while creative executives sometimes are dangerous, collaboration doesn't always guarantee mediocrity. Take those sentimental, warm glow commercials for companies like Hall's Treasures—they are the work of Steve Horn. The jump-cut, disco-esque ads that ads are directed by Tony Scott. And the good-looking beer commercials populated by size-ten athletes like Bob Costello's. Unlike Sedelmaier, these directors are known for their cooperation, for their ability to collaborate with an agency. Their work may not be as stylistically identifiable from commercial to commercial as in Sedelmaier's, but their commercials are still noticeably wonderful.

In fact, these days it is more common to watch Tony Scott's New Wave Diet Pepsi commercials or, at the other end of the spectrum, Steve Horn's sentimental Kodak spots than almost anything else on television. Commercial directors are taking more chances than at any time since the '70s. That's a good thing. Because, as it may even be fair to say that television advertising, which reached a peak of acrobatics during that period, is currently experiencing a renaissance. The medium is taken seriously enough to have attracted the interest of no less a talent than Richard Attenborough, whose Brooke Shields ads for Calvin Klein drew a great deal of attention a couple of years ago. And the latest batch of Attenborough's Klein ads are perhaps more concentrated in actual advertising than any



The Director
and the unmistakably familiar world of daily dress, panache, and fear in which his commercials all burk

commercials ever before shown on American television. Technically they're fairly simple: in each, a young girl combles on for thirty seconds, with the Calvin Klein logo barely visible about two thirds of the way through and in the final frame. But what's interesting about these ads is that they appear to appear to something like high art. Insofar as the product becomes almost completely incidental, they represent the perfection of what might be characterized as the Swiss commercial-as-art "minimalism."

Of the directors who shoot commercials for a living is Sedelmaier whose work is the most conspicuous. For while Horn's commercials may be beautiful and Scott's may be thrilling, the work and images they employ are largely agency-generated. These directors are geniuses of execution. Sedelmaier's ads, meanwhile, consistently reflect his taste: from the agency's sensibility—meaning that a Sedelmaier commercial is always a Sedelmaier commercial.

Advertising executives understand this. "You have to precede any criticism by saying, 'Joe Sedelmaier is special,'" one executive says. "I don't want to give my name," he continues, stating another often repeated sentiment, "because I plan to work with Sedelmaier again. His work is wonderful, but to get that work you have to put up with a lot. The question always becomes whether a Sedelmaier commercial is worth it."

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO CAST IN L.A.,
SEDELMAIER SAYS. "EVERYONE looks plastic."

So we are in Los Angeles at a casting session for Ray's, Elton's and Twisted's. Del! Theo screams. Del! Theo is a West Coast fast-food restaurant chain, and since their ads will be shot in Los Angeles, Sedelmaier is casting here. He is not happy about the idea.

Sedelmaier believes that casting is 90 percent of his job. He is famous for the group of mostly musicians—former pianists and oodysians and lawyers—who constitute the Sedelmaier repertory company. He's a face familiar to an executive or lawyer, he'll say it. He used phlegmatically Mason Boyd, the rep who acts as a liaison between Sedelmaier and the ad agencies, as a Keller-Greiner wine commercial. His secretary, Kay Sanford, became a star on a People Express spot. And an architect named Joe Lamenta, whom Sedelmaier hired "discovered" in a supermarket, went on to fame in the legendary everythings-captives-just-as-the-weather-is-captives ad for Astco.

Now hear some disparaging comments about Sedelmaier's casting style. "He is very picky," one commercial producer says. "A guy comes into a Sedelmaier casting session and he has a gimp leg. Joe will cut him right away. Some people call that genius. I call it exploitation." But criticism

Audi's German engineers believe that form is function. That's why the new, luxury 5000 won't voted Europe's "Car of The Year."



At long last, the new Audi 5000 is here. It's the most advanced car in the world.

Creating roads at 100 mph at the German Autobahn, you know why the new Audi 5000 is voted Europe's "Car of the Year!"

The World's Most Aerodynamic Sedan. At high performance speeds, the aerodynamic pressure of driving the world's most aerodynamic sedan is evident.

In concert with this Audi's advanced aerodynamics are innovative engineering ideas expected of every Audi.

33 Years of Front-Wheel Drive. With the 5000's, you feel the agility of Audi's superior front-wheel drive technology.

Then, too, we've engineered a patented front/rear suspension system and a central hydraulic system. It supplies hydraulic pressure for power steering and power braking. Thus, increasing performance and dependability.

Superior Quality Backed by Our New Warranty. To insure the high quality of the 5000's, we road tested it over 3.2 million kilometers. From Europe to Alaska to scenic deserts to North America.

The 5000's quality is so high we've covered it with our outstanding new 24 month/50,000 mile warranty.*

A Value Priced Sedan. This high quality German engineering is available at a price of \$15,800* making the new Audi 5000's the best value in its class.

*For your nearest Porsche/Audi dealer who can give you complete information on this limited warranty call toll free (800) 447-4700. **PORSCHE • AUDI**

Audi: the art of engineering.

Seidelner's stubbornness, his reluctance to compromise, may make studio-fueled films an impossibility. "I don't want to make a long commercial," he says. "The script for *Easy Money* was nothing like a commercial. It would have been a huge movie. Hollywood producers always say to me, 'You aren't hungry for films because you make a great living with commercials.' They are wrong. I would love to make a feature, not a film to be done on my terms. *Easy Money* taught me that."

SO, JOE SEIDELNER IS BACK MAKING COMMERCIALS SPECIFICALLY for commercials for another fast-food chain, Mrs. Winner's Chicken & Biscuits, which like pizza is Seidelner's built here meaning with live chickens. The birds were so cute to becoming food. They're very pleased about becoming TV stars instead and squawk happily at every magazine mention.

Especially during lines. Lines and correctly. Lines said incorrectly. Lines mumbled. Lines said backward. Lines mumbled in an infant voice of reflections. "We aren't worried," Cheri Soltes, Mrs. Winner's advertising, says confidently. "Joe knows exactly what he's doing." Seidelner takes that as, in fact, an order to remain Seidelner's look, he identifies his normally detached directing method. He stresses to the actors, who are dressed as farmers. "Say it like that. It isn't casual, but what they're doing is chicken up in the city! I hear the place cooks 'em so they're your tongue'll burn week!" The actor's repeat after him "Take to how I say it," Seidelner screams. He repeats the line. The actors follow. This continues until an obvious effect is achieved. More dialogue is repeated and, finally, the situation is repeated. Twenty or so filmed takes later a shrill cry emerges. The actor says their lines correctly (that is, they say them as easily like Seidelner) and finally, after 120 takes, the real truth is funny. "That is my, Clm," one of the ad gals says as the Mrs. Winner's kitchen wraps up for the day. "This is my Clm for sure!"

The Warner's spots might offend some of the company and Seidelner now, Clm, but events are only of secondary importance in advertising, and there is much debate about whether his commercial for Mrs. Winner's or the commercial for Del Dos is up Seidelner's commercial, wonderful as it may be, will sell a product. Seidelner's work is fancy, the detectors say. And because, they maintain, just doesn't sell.

"Here's one over-the-top commercial," claims Peter Hirsch. "In the States, it's comedy seen through the eyes of commercials for an imported beer. The ad was so popular they were announced in TV Guide, but nobody remembered the product, they only remembered Bob and Ray. The ads were 'successful,'

Levine, Ulick, Pytko, and Lyne: The Second Tier

BUCK LEVINE, MICHAEL ULICK, JOE PYTKO, and James Lyne are all established commercial directors who consider themselves a second tier of the best in the field. "They're all really," says Mike Wilkins. "Any of them would be a first tier director." Joe Lyne is known primarily for his Pepsi Cola advertising, one of the nation's longest running. They are also known for another depicting a fairly "sweet" drawing of a lady—which later made one of the longer directors in the business. Michael Ulick thinks Mike Seidelner's style has most made the commercial advertising an overexposed one—overexposed by being people is concerned that it is less than their status. Joe Pytko has more credits with his best lighting, although each series. And Adam Lyne, who also directs feature films (*Flowers and Frost*), is responsible for the highly acclaimed *Little Rascals* series. Their commercial. The last touch of ads is separate one. Also with best light show of camera moving through the city of Memphis and Wisconsin and through crystal ball look.

All three directors are somewhat high in regard to their commercial careers. "I usually do a high end," says Mike Wilkins. "There's a real creative drive." Seidelner is only the only director advertising in general. "I don't think I'm a director," says Seidelner. "I'm an executive. And after Seidelner... who knows?"

but the product sells out of business."

Even so, it does appear that Seidelner's commercials have helped sell products. For example, Prager's most advertising agencies are trying like hell to be a closely like in the other person. There is a Prager and Goble look. A General Foods look. If anyone ever told me, "You have a look and you look Seidelner," it would be fine to get out of the business, go apart and get a hole in my head.

"But, look," Seidelner continues, "you can always find people people. So my direction will sell. The agencies are backwards. I don't think those directors ever tried anything different. They just did what the agency wanted and never thought for anything else." It's like the people who do "Ring around the collar, ads and so." "Well, if I want it I'll do my restrictions on backwards," Seidelner says. "I don't think people who come up to me and say 'Joe, we're all whores in this business' I'm not so close how those people live with themselves. Do you really think there are guys who actually do themselves on weekends?"

tried to capture that quality in my work." This emphasis is underscored by what might be considered Seidelner's trademark, his understanding and depiction of everyday realistic situations. We've all been victims of a certain type of pick. We've all had awful, low-class pickers. We've all had screw-up cars. Seidelner sells through humor, but it is the humor of everyday commercialism. Watching a Seidelner commercial is an oddly comforting experience, like watching a particularly reliable sort of laugh; you identify and then you're sold.

"Seidelner's view of the world is very original," says Alan Gargano, "but it also manages to correspond with the status of the situation. People understand these ads on a gut level, and that's what makes Seidelner's worth the risk. In fact, my analysis, his commercials work. They sell and they tell well."

Signifiers of Gargano's claim, Seidelner's style has made his enemies. Other top directors—Steve Horn and Tony Scott and Bob Gualdo—do act, as a habit, make enemies. And while one doesn't need enemies—the work of those other directors is consistently good—for Seidelner they may be an occasional hazard. Seidelner is a commercial actor. He likes the thirty-second format. It is not coming to ride his success to something else, because commercials are less risky. They may be a smaller industry than feature films, but they are more manageable and, finally, less threatening to him. And because there is a lot Seidelner would like to do in those thirty seconds, his interests are almost always in direct opposition to the interests of the people who are paying him.

The only answer to him is not something that Seidelner has to live with, however begrudgingly. "You would think that in advertising you're trying like hell to do it is to believe. To have a distinct point of view," he says. "For the most advertising agencies are trying like hell to be a closely like in the other person. There is a Prager and Goble look. A General Foods look. If anyone ever told me, 'You have a look and you look Seidelner,' it would be fine to get out of the business, go apart and get a hole in my head."

"But, look," Seidelner continues, "you can always find people people. So my direction will sell. The agencies are backwards. I don't think those directors ever tried anything different. They just did what the agency wanted and never thought for anything else." It's like the people who do "Ring around the collar, ads and so." "Well, if I want it I'll do my restrictions on backwards," Seidelner says. "I don't think people who come up to me and say 'Joe, we're all whores in this business' I'm not so close how those people live with themselves. Do you really think there are guys who actually do themselves on weekends?"

Double Takes

by Tom Hachtman

In this star-studded world,
celebrity tends to blur



MONALIZA



CHERRILL



PHYLLIS DYLAN



KISSINGER



MARY LOUTYLER GRANT



MARLON MONROË



SOLZHENITZENBERGER



BARBARA WALTER

Tom Hachtman is the author of *Geography's Politics: A Reflection of the "Double Take"* and he published his piece by *Hermann Esler*. This is his first appearance in *Esquire*.

Son of Dodd

by Robert Friedman

*Thomas Dodd's
Senate career ended in censure.
His son Christopher hopes
for a more glorious finish*

One afternoon toward the end of November, Christopher Dodd, the thirty-eight-year-old Democratic senator from Connecticut, was sitting behind an antique olive wood desk in his office on Capitol Hill. The lame-duck session of the Ninety-seventh Congress was barely a day old, but already Dodd was hopelessly behind schedule. As he made his way through a pile of memoranda that had accumulated during his recent absence from Washington, dictating replies to a secretary, he seemed somewhat of the eyes of his father, Thomas Dodd, staring down at him from a cross-over red couch. The grain visage, the gold watch fob fastened to his lapel, the mass of white hair, the bombony on a table in the background—everything just as it was in his boyhood in a United States senator. On the opposite wall of the high-ceilinged room, above a mantelpiece, was a copy of a Hans Holbein portrait of Sir Thomas More. The symbolism couldn't have been more obvious: two men, one martyred for his religious convictions, the other censured by his Senate colleagues, joined together in silent contemplation.

Although by no means the first senator to follow his father into office—Gaston Baudick and Russell Long to name just two other recent precedents, are both sons of prominent political dynasties—the younger Dodd is certainly one of the very few to have seen in his election an opportunity to vindicate his family's honor.

Sixteen years ago Thomas Dodd was censured by the Senate for misappropriating \$16,000 in campaign funds—at the time, only the sixth man in that institution's history to be so punished. For his son, there's a twenty-three-year-old Peace Corps volunteer in a remote village in the Dominican Republic, the victory of that ordeal would be scored in his memory forever. When he took his oath of office 190 years ago, he made a point of wearing his father's watch fob and sitting in the same chair the late senator had once occupied. It was an emotional moment. Russell Long, the son of Huey Long and one of the few senators who had defeated Tom Dodd back in 1967, was the first to offer his congratulations.

"One day," the Louisiana Democrat said, dropping an arm around Dodd's shoulders, "I'd like to introduce a resolution to censure your daddy."

"You don't have to worry about my resolutions," the freshman senator responded. "Every time I walk through these doors it will be concentration enough."

Now, one third of the way through his first term—he served six years in the House before winning the Senate and vacated by Abraham Lincoln in 1960—Dodd is beginning to restore some of the lost luster to the family name. He is well liked by his colleagues, universally acknowledged as the leader of the Democratic party in Connecticut, and frequently mentioned as a future candidate for national office. Next conceivable however, is that Dodd, despite having betrayed many of the political principles for which his father once stood, has managed to remain unwaveringly loyal to him. When the elder Dodd championed the cause of every rights-wing dictator from Ngo Dinh Diem to Fulgencio Batista—"I believe in God and Senator Dodd and keeping old Castro down" went the refrain from one 1966 folk song—the younger Dodd has built a reputation as one of the leading Senate critics of the Reagan administration's policies in Latin America. He was the author of the 1981 bill requiring the President to report on human rights progress in El Salvador as a prerequisite for continued military aid. And this spring he was chosen by Democratic party leaders to deliver a ten-minute

Senator Friedman's profile of Progress Party leader at journal in July 1981 issue



Can a young, liberal Democrat from a small state get his party's nod for higher office?
SENATOR DODD
has bucked the odds before, he has kept senators, and he likes to win. Stay tuned.

anonymously revealed speech in response to Reagan's just-completed address on Central America.

On almost every foreign policy issue, from relations with Cuba to nuclear weapons, he has staked out a position consistently to the left of where his father stood. "If my father were alive today," Dodd quipped one day last fall, "he'd probably say I was a flaming pink on domestic issues and a hot red snail on foreign affairs."

THAT NOVEMBER AFTERNOON, sitting in his shirt sleeves behind a desk that had once belonged to his father, Dodd had his mind reeling on foreign affairs no domestic issues. He had a Georgetown basketball game to go to, a steam bath he wanted to take on the Senate job he before that, and an ongoing stack of papers piled up to just of him.

"This was a true Jack Valenti," he said, looking up at an embossed invitation. "He had, though screaming, 'Respectfully decline.'"

His secretary handed him the next card. "An acceptance for Claude Pepper," he said, losing a look on the pile. "Dad will try."

"I FEEL LIKE A KID WHO ALL OF A SUDDEN HAD TO BE AN ADULT," DODD SAID.

Another: "Here's one to join a Connecticut group. Of course I go to that."

As a senator, "What do you do, instead, he'd like. Smiling, eyes closed in disbelief. "An evening with Zsa Zsa Gabor?" He'd led back in his chair, his slender body convulsed with laughter. "Getting into a back seat to honor Zsa Zsa Gabor is not exactly my idea of a good time."

These are not things that quite concentrate the mind of a politician—particularly one who, as Dodd is, has a riveting—also speculative—about a Presidential race. With Kennedy out of the picture, Dodd's future seemed to come into sharper focus. "There's no reason in the world," he said after Nayler left, "why you shouldn't be totally committed to address your ambition to reach a seat in the United States Senate. It really is, in the eyes of most people, a genre of achievement. But I wouldn't be candid or honest with you if I said I'll never, ever, ever."

He gestured to light a cigarette. "I don't know if that would like a consolation or not. But I'm thirty-eight years old. I presume if I do a good job here, no one will get around to other places, even other people, and something else, if happened that would give me room of a life."

His voice trailed off again in mid-sentence. "What I mean to say," he added, "is that if someone, sometime down the road, I'll do a sudden stroke I'd like to take a crack at the Presidency, or if all of a sudden someone were nominated for Pres-

ident and was looking around for a Vice-Presidential candidate."

He paused a gnat's time to consider the texture of the floor. It was nearly seven o'clock, and the time for a steam bath had long since passed. Wondering when his uncharacteristic inability to finish a sentence was a sign of some depressed anxiety about holding higher office, I asked him if the thought of being President occurred to him.

"Well I afraid it'd," he said, repeating the question slowly. "No. I do think someday I could do the job? Well, are there aspects of it that intrigue me? Yes. Not clear."

He paused, then abruptly got up from his chair. "I'd like to see you, but I'm busy and just," we shouldn't even be talking about this."

IT WAS MERE McADAMS. DODD'S best friend in Washington who managed to complete the senator's fracture thoughts. McAdams, better known as Goose, was a classmate of Dodd's at Georgetown Prep in the early 1960s and is now a political consultant at McLean, Virginia. Later that night, after the two had talked over the phone, McAdams called his own clear friend, Democratic pollster Ben Caddell, stayed up all night in the morning talking about Kennedy's impending withdrawal from the race.

Naturally, the conversation got around to Dodd's own future. "Would he like to be President?" McAdams said, reconstructing the conversation a few days later at his office in Arlington. "Sure. Can he be President? He thinks he can handle the job. Is there a constituency? No. Do we lay out scenarios? Yes. Do I think there's an opportunity? Yes."

Only four years ago Dodd and Carleton were involved in a cocktail lunch fight at what is now the site of the executive—also speculative—about a Presidential race. With Kennedy out of the picture, Dodd's future seemed to come into sharper focus. "There's no reason in the world," he said after Nayler left, "why you shouldn't be totally committed to address your ambition to reach a seat in the United States Senate. It really is, in the eyes of most people, a genre of achievement. But I wouldn't be candid or honest with you if I said I'll never, ever, ever."

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The Washington, however, Dodd, member of the exact class going north, looked on a segment of his constituency, looked away from the relationship. "She's a terrific person," he now says. "She's bright, and a damn good friend—and I would love to see her again. But that's that."

Was America's first for President Dodd? He had been certain that thought. "See, he's only thirty-eight," McAdams said, sitting in his living room on the office couch. "Sure, he's young. Connecticut. Thomas Dodd Jr., the oldest child in the family and now a professor of Latin American history at Georgetown University. Of course, we were always wrong and in need of enlightenment."

That was anything but harassment in the house on Concord Street. "It was a scary, discussion-filled family," remembers James Boyd, who worked on most of Dodd's campaigns during those years and later served a key role in his downfall.

"Dad Dodd was an authoritarian man. He used to be my dad, but he was not in touch with his anger on his children, even in front of strangers. Living in his house

ing Republican incumbent Wilbur Parrott. To a member of the Dodd household in the 1950s—the family lived in an enormous white house on Concord Street in West Hartford—almost no mention if there was—always a campaign going on. Twelve months or more long periods of late, late-night meetings were a common occurrence, and there were frequent political discussions around the dinner table.

"We were always saying about one thing or another with my father," recalls Thomas Dodd Jr., the oldest child in the family and now a professor of Latin American history at Georgetown University. "Of course, we were always wrong and in need of enlightenment."

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"Dad Dodd was an authoritarian man. He used to be my dad, but he was not in touch with his anger on his children, even in front of strangers. Living in his house

literary and sensitive-minded government. Although he considered himself more liberal than his father, by the time of the anti-Communist fight, he helped organize a demonstration at the state capital in the spring of 1960 in support of American troops in Vietnam. "Obviously," he says. "Dodd was liberal," he was heavily influenced by my dad and his view of the world."

It was about that time that Tom Dodd's studies by Yale, Unkownhow to him, few members of his staff, including his administrative assistant Jim Boyd, had learned to blow the whistle on what they believed to be the senator's corrupt practices. Over a period of several months, they photographed seven thousand pages of documents from his files and turned them over to Washington columnist Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson. At the heart of their case against Dodd was his illegal misuse of campaign funds to cover nepotistic expenses—everything from the repayment of personal debts to the purchase of his farmhouse in North Stratford, to airline tickets for his wife and children. (Drew

"A LOT OF PEOPLE THOUGHT I COULDN'T WIN BECAUSE OF MY DAD," SAID DODD.

was like watching an O'Neil play."

Of the four sons, Christopher, or Chris, as he was affectionately known, got along the best with his father. "He used to be the kind of guy you would believe with," Dodd says, "but he was a great conversationalist, and I used to love listening to him talk. Sure, he'd argue, but the next day I'd go out and take his position."

Like his father, Chris had an outgoing personality. Even in his early days he exhibited many of the characteristics that would later start him in good stead as a reformer. He had an engaging manner, a generous (if not self-confident), a sense of humor, and an ability to relate to lay people. "Of all the kids," his brother Tom says, "Chris was truly the public person."

When the Dodds moved to Washington in 1959 at the end of the Eisenhower era, Chris was enrolled at the Jesuit-run Georgetown Preparatory School. He acquired the nickname "Prosy," for his skill in "sounding" people, a trait he took with him to Providence College, a Catholic school in Rhode Island from which his father had graduated. There he excelled in English

skills (later expressed by the Senate Select Committee on Standards and Conduct show that on at least two occasions Chris Dodd's trips from Washington to ride in Providence were charged to his father's campaign.) But there were also other actions that the senator had acted unethically in accepting gifts from a lobbyist named Julia Nixon, that he had promised to seek an ambassadorship for one businessman in exchange for a two-thousand-dollar contribution, and that he had supervised a number of congressional investigations in order to protect campaign contributors.

In early 1966 Prosy published the first of several dozen columns based on the material documents. Although the general and other members of Congress were slow to react, by late spring the Dodd affair had taken on the proportions of a major Washington scandal.

For Chris Dodd, watching the drama unfold in the periodicals was just as exciting as Providence was, only enough. By having his father discredited as the compromise speaker in his jurisdiction was the ultimate humiliation. To this day he has

not returned to the campus. "I hit people about how stupid you are," he says. "You know, when someone's down like that . . . I mean, it was his damn state, after all."

In the end, he got too many people (spoke for "best Dadd") and he had to leave on June 23, 1967, with the Senate, after three days of debate, convinced her by a vote of 90-6. By then Chris Dodd was working as a Peace Corps volunteer at the village of Mousou, high up in the mountains in the northeastern corner of the Dominican Republic. Not until he saw his father's picture on the front page of a local newspaper two days later did he learn what had happened. "It was a traumatic experience for him," recalls Tony Troncoso, another Peace Corps volunteer who visited him frequently in Monción. "The dad's talk about it much, but you could tell it weighed heavily on his mind."

OVER THE PAST SIXTEEN YEARS, Dodd has lived in his new home, but his father was located mainly by his staff, by the press, and by the Senate colleagues. He still divides the world into two camps

those lands more charitable that he do not attend to anymore? Daddy buy stocks and bonds and things? No. The problem was there was no separation between his personal life and his political life."

"Then why was he able to convince only four other senators of his innocence?"

"It was like the cowboy who falls off the runaway horse with his foot caught in the stirrup. You can't get up and you can't get off. There's nothing you can do about it. It was one of those things where the grand set was in and a thousand angels producing his innocence would have made any difference."

He paused to take a swallow of beer. He hadn't talked this much about his father to anyone in years, he said. "It was a tragedy, really, because he was done so much that was worthwhile. He was a man of strong convictions and strong feelings about things—not that I argued with him, but I loved him for his conviction. And then to have it all come down on something like this. You know, at that point, people were going around collecting cash in buckets for their campaign."

the world. He had served there a year after the U.S. Marines had landed in 1963 (with Van Dudd's blessings) to prevent the spread of Communism to the impoverished island nation. Although he craved a more conventional American lifestyle—during his first visit to Santa Domingo he was paired with senators by a group of teenagers prying, "Hi, sweet country," "Lily America?"—the real consolation he experienced was with the calmness of some of the American soldiers, sheltered environments. Dadd observed on one occasion, "going to a Jesuit boarding school and a Catholic college. I never even saw blacks or Hispanics. That all of a sudden, being in this different society, you could see the American side of this without any hesitation, the best experience of my life. It's always everything I've done since."

During his two years in Monción, Dodd lived in a house with a tin roof and no hot water, but he was able to learn to speak fluent Spanish and quickly embraced himself to the campesinos. He helped transform a building that had formerly housed Trujillo's national party headquarters into a university hospital. He started a fund-raising program to build a school. "I was very charismatic," recalls co-worker Tony Troncoso. "He attracted a crowd whenever he went—especially late to home. They would go to his little back to home."

When Dadd returned to the Dominican Republic was that, contrary to his father's beliefs, not everything could be defined in terms of a global struggle between democracy and communism, that poverty and social injustice had a dynamic all their own, and that United States involvement had been from being exemplary, had, more often than not, undermined the very ideals it professed to uphold. "Seeing explosive conditions in the Dominican Republic first-hand was a real eye-opening experience for my brother Tom, who visited him in Monción. 'Like many other members of his generation, he went abroad and came back a different person.'"

Before returning to the United States, Dadd spent a month hitchhiking through South America. When he arrived home on Christmas Eve in 1966, he felt as if he had been gone twenty years. A student rebellion had swept the nation's campuses. Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy had been assassinated, and a tide of protest against the Vietnam War had led James Johnson from office.

That spring Dodd entered as the National Guard and spent eight weeks in basic training at Fort Dix. In the fall of 1968, still in combat uniform, he was assigned to a news staff at The Washington Post, a suburban newspaper, the *Northwest Progressives*. He was looking for a homebase to work part time in a reporter for eighty dollars a

week. Despite his obvious lack of qualifications, Dodd got the job.

Nine months later, bored with writing obituaries, he abandoned his position. He helped out on his father's last, futile campaign in the summer of 1973, then, that August, married Susan Moore, a speechwriter and legislative aide in his father's office. Three days later he started classes at the University of Louisville Law School.

POLITICS WAS THE FURTHEST thing from Dodd's mind. When he graduated law school in 1972, he got a job with a firm in New London, Connecticut. The main line promise, as a presidential campaign consultant, was to run the political office. "I had bought a nice lot in a Republican house on the border of Rhode Island," he says. "If you were going to get involved in politics, you really didn't have made any mistakes. But I really didn't want to do it."

It wasn't long, however, before the past caught up with him. A man named Al Goodie, a real estate developer from Connecticut who had worked on a number of his father's campaigns, came to see him one day in early 1974 to ask him to join the Committee from Connecticut's Second District. "I wasn't trying to push his act on anything," Goodie recalls. "But I told him I'd always believed that all of the boys he had led the best politicians for Congress."

Al Goodie's prodding, Dodd agreed to spend a few Saturdays meeting people around the district, which encompasses the eastern half of the state. Soon they were going at it two or three days a week and Dodd, a natural campaigner, found himself enjoying the work. "I had always sensed his cowardly. Two months later he was the Democratic party nomination, beating out Douglas Bennett, a former judge in Altonah Ricketts, and John M. Daley Jr., the son of a powerful state chairman who, on more than one occasion, had crossed Dodd's father.

Winning the nomination in the Second District was tantamount to winning the election, and indeed, Dodd led in trouble-making. He had a ready-made base of voters by over 100,000 voters in his two best for reelection. But in his six years in the House, he managed a relatively low profile. He kept his distance from other reformers at the so-called Wallace Clinic, who helped begin the old-growth House leadership. He drafted very little legislation—largely a function of his service on the Rules Committee, which often curbed its considerable power in invisible ways. And although he was perceived as one of the most conservative members in Congress, he was never strongly identified with any issues.

It was not until Dodd ran for Senate in 1980 that his reputation began to exceed the boundaries of his district. While Ric-

Kiaoff decided not to seek reelection, both Dodd and his colleague in the Connecticut congressional delegation, Toby Moffett, let it be known they were interested in succeeding him. After several months of lobbying, Moffett dropped out, apparently because his polling indicated he couldn't beat Dodd at a primary. With the only serious challenger out of the way, Dodd won the nomination by acclamation at a state convention in the summer of 1980. "I led the gathering of my father very strongly," he said after addressing the delegates in the same hall where Van Dudd had given his acceptance speech twenty-two years earlier.

The attention of Dodd's father was also split during the campaign—the combat in Connecticut's history. Dodd's opponent, James Buckley, a former New York governor and the brother of conservative columnist William Buckley, made a point in his campaign of questioning whether Tom Dodd, if elected, could be trusted to run his own show. The tactic appeared to backfire. Dodd took the high ground, accusing Buckley of playing lost and loose with his

maneuvering process. And Chris understood that process—enjoy it all better than almost any other politician I know."

ON A TUESDAY MORNING IN OCTOBER a week before the 1982 election, a red Dodd in his home in East Haddam, he had only recently moved to the southern Connecticut town, after separating from his wife, and was in the process of knocking around a clubhouse he had bought. A woman was stripping the pants from a baby-stay baby; when I arrived

Despite Dodd's reputation for living in the best lane, a separate credit ledger from his proximity to Bama Jigger, the wife of a banker does not altogether suit her. She was grown up in a large, close-knit family, he never complete now without one of his own. That he and his wife never had children, that their relationship was unable to survive his political success (he chose not to move to Washington when he was elected to Congress), are unmentioned reminders of his own childhood. "It was a crazy situation," he confided to me one night. "I always felt that if I were a spouse,

TOM DODD HAS HAD HIS SAY; NOW IT IS HIS SON'S TURN TO TRY TO SHAPE THE WORLD

father's name. "My father's deceased," I've asked out during one of their debates. "It's not the same as 1980."

In the end, Dodd's facility convinced Dodd—the son of the powerful state chairman who, on more than one occasion, had crossed Dodd's father.

Winning the nomination in the Second District was tantamount to winning the election, and indeed, Dodd led in trouble-making. He had a ready-made base of voters by over 100,000 voters in his two best for reelection. But in his six years in the House, he managed a relatively low profile. He kept his distance from other reformers at the so-called Wallace Clinic, who helped begin the old-growth House leadership. He drafted very little legislation—largely a function of his service on the Rules Committee, which often curbed its considerable power in invisible ways. And although he was perceived as one of the most conservative members in Congress, he was never strongly identified with any issues.

I would've wanted to be dragged around. So I never wanted to be out of that. I think maybe we should have said, 'Yes, this is only I mean, all these maniacs photo conventions at the end of the road, and then coming home on weekends and having to see people from early in the morning till late at night. It wasn't what you call the normal life of a congressman.'"

Starting over again, Dodd seemed like a transgressor in his own house. The hub's position around to buying a double bed, and there wasn't much love in the kitchen—just a master top crammed with bottles of vitamins. On the kitchen table was a black leather bed, his study brimming books, the one that told him where to go, when to see, and what to say.

His hair still wet from a shower, Dodd gathered up a pile of dirty laundry, locked the house, and climbed into the front seat of a white Mercury Marquis parked in the driveway. He spread a map out on his lap, and he had three instructions on how to get to the University of Connecticut. At the office of the Connecticut Daily Gazette, the student newspaper, Dodd

IN MONCIÓN, CHRIS DODD LIVED IN A HOUSE WITH A TIN ROOF AND NO HOT WATER.

those who supported Tom Dodd in his time of crisis and those who didn't. And he is convinced that the credit ultimately led to his father's first defeat in 1971, not the other but his dad led his reelection to the Senate.

"I have no doubts as to any and that contributed to his death," Dodd told me as we sat at a bar in Boston one evening. "The first article appeared in 1966, and it went on for five years. It was a lot for one house being a great human being—to bear."

In the days left, through a haze of cigarette smoke, Dodd appeared to take on many of his father's physical characteristics—the nose-heavy eyebrows, the same expression, wide mouth. It was his nose that was begging to turn purple.

"There were virtually no notes about the personal use of campaign funds back then," he said, echoing his father's own defense fund. "At one Congressional dinner they had a card-handling operation and every one of them later learned an awful lesson. Tom Dodd couldn't do that money whatever the damn well pleased. Granted, in retrospect, he should have had someone watching

IT WAS IN THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC that Dodd first realized that something was wrong with his father's view of

spent forty-five minutes fielding devotional questions from his audience back inside the room. Later, as the student center, the hundreds of people who had turned out to hear Dodd speak were in a similar state of torpor, as if some strange degenerative disease had set in. Dodd, however, did not seem to notice. He did occasionally brought them to their senses. Discouraging his prepared text, he leaned into the lectern and launched a stinging attack on the nuclear arms race: "It was twenty years ago this month," he said in a voice that seemed almost too powerful for a man of his slight build, "that the world was brought to the brink of nuclear conflagration. Today we are not any closer to putting the genie back in the bottle." Ignoring a man parading in front of the stage, Dodd's voice rose to a shrill, shrill cry: "We must never do this again. We must never do this again." He was so full for a registered nuclear reactor: "An assassin cannot remain," he said, quoting Victor Hugo, "but not an idea whose time has come." Then, with a stirring appeal for increased support for the nuclear disarmament campaign, he brought his audience to its feet.

Later, as he rode to Bethesda, we talked more about the issues. In that position, it turns out, he is more complicated than it seems at first glance. Dodd has stood in favor of development through the parking spaces of Wood Hill, and, passing out for hours when Dodd grew up, I couldn't help but notice how beautiful he seemed. He had been on the go for the past two hours without stopping for food or rest, yet he suggested creating a parking lot for his car wasn't worth it. I asked him how he manages to maintain his enthusiasm.

"Maybe I'm still naive," he said, "but I really believe you can make a difference. Some people get you back out of making money. Others get you back out of making high scores from dealing with a piece of legislation, or helping somebody who didn't get their social security check, or whose husband couldn't get into a VA hospital. It's a tremendous feeling to know that you've made a burden off one person's shoulder. It's a repeatable thing. And when I do that, it's bigger than this."

BY JUST TWO AND A HALF HOURS after the Senate, Dodd had blossomed into an effective and respected legislator. While some people who have observed him at close range say he still has some growing to do, that he is a man of a door that is thicker, he is already one of the most impressive grassroots Democrats in the country. He was named one of the top three freshmen by his colleagues in *U.S. News & World Report* survey, and his success in getting his El Salvador certification bill through a Republican Senate—the 58-42 vote in September 1985 mirrored the first Senate vote on the bill for the Reagan administration—was an impressive victory for a newcomer.

Kennedy aide and does not fail to be mentioned in the so-called newsletters. "There's nothing new or liberal about them," he says. But although he has one of the most liberal voting records on the Senate, Dodd is not considered an ideological liberal. He's a moderate, a style that has won him the support of both members of the opposition party: Bill Charles, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, of which Dodd is the past member. He has even co-sponsored a foreign-aid measure with North Carolina senator Jesse Helms.

"I don't like to lose," Dodd said, sitting in his Washington office one morning. "I want to be part of the file one. I mean, what else can I do about this? I realize you can't win an election that way, but you don't compromise. You just stand up and you win. I don't want to be the star attraction."

The last stop of the evening was a United Jewish Appeal dinner at the home of a wealthy Harvard businessman. Dodd has been a big supporter of Israel ever since the young senator's first year in Congress. The Jewish community, and the Jewish community has responded in kind. In 1984 he received twelve thousand dollars in contributions from the USA just for speaking engagements around the country.

As he walked through the darkened streets of Wood Hill, passing out for hours when Dodd grew up, I couldn't help but notice how beautiful he seemed. He had been on the go for the past two hours without stopping for food or rest, yet he suggested creating a parking lot for his car wasn't worth it. I asked him how he manages to maintain his enthusiasm.

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Dodd is an old-fashioned liberal in the

stiffly walking his team to speak. The chair resembled Joseph Biden, the senator from Delaware.

"In light of the fact that I came in after President Glenn," Senator Biden said with a straight face, "I will refer to President Glenn."

Reggie at laughter spread from one end of the packed hearing room to the other. Biden looked down at the table at the only other Democratic senator in attendance: "I do not yield," he added, "to Vice-President Biden."

Dodd broke into an embarrassed grin and scribbled a note to Biden: "Joe," it said, "what you want to do is Secretary of State." He pressed it down the table. A minute later the voice of paper came back with Biden's one-word response: "Thank you, Mr. Secretary." Biden's "little."

At the time, two years before the 1986 election, talk about the President's campaign, of course, just die speculation. But even the next few months, as Vice chairs, John Glenn among them, would of course enter the race. The stability of any of them to face the public imagination hardly came as a surprise to one man who has been watching steadily from the sidelines: "I don't think any of the candidates are reaching the people out there," Dodd told me in May. "They're not stirring up emotions. They're not combing the President directly on his most sensitive issues. If anything, it sounds like they're agreeing with him. That's not a formula for victory."

One night, flying back to Washington from a speaking engagement in Philadelphia, Dodd brought up the subject of Presidential politics again. He told me he was worried that most of the Democratic candidates, not just Kennedy, were out of the race, lacked passion. "Politics is not a formula or a structure," he said, looking out the window of the chattered twin-engine plane. "It's something you've got to look out your gut."

The glow faded, and the runway at National Airport came into view. (D) in the Senate, the White House and the Capitol was lit up against the night sky. As it stands like this, Dodd, who very much made his political career in his country did not consider his own prospects.

Despite what his friend George McGovern says he was whispering in his ear, 1984 did not see, nor does it now, a perfect storm to the Democrats. With each passing month, the opportunities for a Democratic candidate to enter the race grow more remote. And among the current field of Democratic hopefuls, he, at all, would be likely to choose a liberal from the Northeast as a running mate—

but someone, not beyond the runway—one, two, or three elections down the road—whose political views were well known and whose political views were well known and whose political views were well known.

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Hollywood Babble On

IN LOS ANGELES, people go to restaurants to chew on deals, but sometimes the food gets in the way

Here in the city of famous diets and forgetful diners, food is the last reason for going out to dinner. In New York, it's usually what should we eat, in Los Angeles, it's where should we. Each town has its own code: film's a little cryptography.

In New York, on Lexington Avenue, which is a very long way from Los Angeles, I found myself eating in Dino, a congested Italian restaurant that uses its share of celebrities. Dino is not Dino's, where celebrities go to be celebrities. It's just a nice Italian restaurant, a neighborhood joint, of your neighborhood happens to be the Upper East Side of Manhattan. Well, there I was with a few companions who were not exactly unknown themselves. Two tables away, a novelist of some note was also eating. Since he and I had since worked on the same magazine, I wanted to look and perhaps nod. He quickly looked away. I said to one of my friends, "Oh, there's so-and-so." And that was that. Except so-and-so, a man who used to make his living by being a sort of private-snooper New Yorker—up from the streets rough and tumble, but smart and feeling—grinned suitably, stood up, moved his seat so his back was to me, and muttered something (well, not exactly muttered, more like a snipe whistled) about the novelist at the unattended dining table nearby. There he sat and I again. Even louder. Then he got up and walked in my direction, then left. He behaved as if I had broken into his bedroom and demanded an autograph. The equivalent analogue in Los Angeles would have had a different result. He would have come to my table and offered to sign an eight-by-ten glossy photo of himself. L.A. and New York are different towns indeed.

There are some restaurant customs that are unique to Los Angeles and that appear odd to the rest of the world. High on that list is something called valet parking. You

pull up to a restaurant and a few awestruck-looking fellows take your car away. Frequently they park it about six yards from where you got out, but that's their job. An an overall rule, parking valets exist, I know it's silly, but that's what they're called; are not impressed by the reverse similarity of, say, a 1986 Chevy Malibu. These guys speak Mercedes, and that's about it. They do not drive carefully. They used to get one dollar, now they have little signs that say \$1.50 and they expect two bucks. The New York equivalent of this rudeness is the row not so frequently seen "Turned and better change." They insist restaurants in New York used to charge two dollars or so for the bread you didn't order and probably shouldn't eat anyway.

Making reservations in Los Angeles' restaurants is another peculiar matter. Malice d'hotel tend to have opaque, predictable standards. They have been known to be rude to the unfamiliar, curt with the otherwise. The worst booking procedures in Los Angeles (yes, I know it's a personal opinion, but it's the truth) are at Dan Tana's, a ritzy little joint on Santa Monica Boulevard, with a good if ordinary Italian menu. The place is small and popular, and there's a bar where you can wait. And wait. Oh, they'll take your reservation. They just won't honor it. Maybe they've booked, or maybe people just like to linger, but it's always a problem. Once, after I had waited forty-five minutes and was about to leave, a bar where I had apparently been waiting even longer just scooped up the reservations book and slipped out into the night. The captain was not enthusiastic, but everyone else cheered and toasted the thief. These were jokes about how it wouldn't make any difference. We were right. It didn't.

David Freeman's last page was the story "The Last Days of Albert Einstein." April 1982



WHEN YOU GO TO A RESTAURANT IN LOS ANGELES, YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF THE RESERVING THAT OTHER RESTAURANTS DON'T DO.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW HARRIS

BY DAVID FREEMAN

Once you're seated, in New York or L.A., the rest of the scene is often determined by how much space there is. Space is always at a premium in a restaurant, but less so on the West Coast than the East. The Los Angeles restaurants are usually larger, the tables a little farther apart, a little more generous. In the cramped corners of New York, the simplest rule is, No word that passes between the tables. The only reason I can imagine for strangers to talk would be to say something like, "Please put out that

opioate," or "Excuse me, sorry to bother you, but your neck is blocking." In Los Angeles, casual chat between the tables is a commonplace. "Hey, what's that you're eating?"

"Oh, that's the absolute maximum on honey butter. Want a taste?" Or, perhaps, "Hey, excuse me, who should I talk to at Fox about a great screen idea?"

The waters in the trendy restaurants of Los Angeles look like they've agitated themselves. In busy New York, the wait-

ers tend to look like lions. In L.A. they look like they're waiting for an audience. This affects their performance. The waiters here seem to enjoy, "I could be you and you could be me, and it could change in an instant." It's the truth and both sides know it. That doesn't quite make it charming, but it's in the air.

There are thousands of restaurants in Los Angeles and not all of them are cluttered with commissions, most of them have dull food, decor, and clientele. A lot of

are good, but the only two that their name will be printed on are the first. Many of these have a tendency (toward jazz) the Kara Dagast, the Charmer's Market, and he's Delicatessen ("Every sandwich a work of art"). And there are fabulous culinary combinations such as French-buttered Potatoes Crème à la Reine (the best entrée) and less successful ones that fit characteristics as Continental-organic. And there's too much cold pasta and hot salad, and there's an abundance of mushrooms you never hear of. But there are also more tempting ones than you could ever count on to die in. And because it's out, there are several very fine ones that have had to do with the movie business. Rex, downtown in the Overt Building, is surely the most handsome in a city that dots on holes. It's a dress dinner with soft, flattering light. The kitchen is novella-fishes and first-rate. Meals are reasonable and fun, the waiters, well-trained, efficient, and deferential without being obsequious. L.A.'s old money—a superclass far not gone from the city's life—has a table on the outside looks like a porch eating half and on the inside like a hotel in Vienna, circa 1912. Most of the diners there are older than you are. Chase's is for an older money, too, crowd. Elizabeth sits the far more that twenty-five years, once a week at the main booth. Elizabeth Taylor has had Mrs. Clasen get club to her in odd outposts of the world.

The House of Frank Grill on Hollywood Boulevard claims to be the oldest restaurant in Hollywood. It is a superb example as a combination of old-fashioned. Mince's has had only three principal chefs since 1969. The waiters are not actors. They serve steaks and chops and fish and daily specials that never change. You could spend hours there and not get bored.

There's Michael's in Santa Monica so nouvelle that an hour later people have been known to wear Chinese food. Each plate is presented as a work of art and the waiters act around smiling and talking casually. The screenwriter and restaurateur Hal Desser calls it "romantic food." Michael's a young and trying to be world-class.

The West Beach Club in Venice is where the actors tend to hang out, and L.V.O. and the E. Remage in Hollywood are where waiting food critic go and are rarely disappointed. Kathy Gallagher on Third Street always has beautiful young actors and actresses hanging about, and dinner is served all day, thirty to six mornings. There's Valentino with its courteous pair of Italian and California wines, and Schwab's for breakfast and La Scala for post-dinner, and the Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel if you want to feel like you're in a scene from *The God Part*. It's, you've recently read, a very good idea, usually awarded through unassuming phone calls, and you, producers have been known to

call themselves just to bow the page. And there's Mrs. Chase and the Square and Renato & Juliet, all in Beverly Hills, all aggressively upscale with stars and star lovers at the tables. Or the Calif. Club and the Avenue Club for New Wave food, or Hamer & Co. for New Orleans cuisine, and the Madras Nones, where Mos Def plays jazz.

Not every joint in L.A. is for lovers folk with deep pockets. Restaurants are often like clubs. The L.A. poker go to the Gold 7 the way New York clubs used to gather at the late Salomon Calabrese. Gold 7 in L.A. always means "gone to lunch." The patrons say the food's fine and perhaps it is—but the cops go there to mix among themselves, talk about, and for a few minutes at least to let someone be completely obnoxious. Near Cedar-Santa Anita is a place called J. Sizer's, where the masses hang out.

Parts of Santa Monica Boulevard is for mid-class Hollywood. It's an old place of a restaurant where people who go to the gym and eat breakfast and eat the night. During the Seventies when the late Jack Livingston—Sidney Greenstreet with a pulse—was Parts, it was always Parts in any form. His widow, Mickey, runs it now and she will eat and people go there. But if it's not the same for me. At the end of his life, as does Jack was drinking himself into his grave, the place became impossible and Jack unpredictable and mad. I haven't been able to go back. Like an actor, even if he's not in it, but if you're not in it, you want to see how directors and writers who aren't wheeling and dealing, just doing and talking. Live, Parts is the place.

What does it mean, this endless re-creation of the past? It's a good idea, but it's a good idea without bettering to cook, and yes it's a good idea to eat other people and to be looked at, and yes, so long as there are many people with too much money and not enough time, restaurants will thrive. At least as long as the law and expense account customs continue to favor the restaurant patron. But there's another issue at work here. You can't fiddle with restaurants in a way you can't anywhere else in your life. If your spouse or your child or your Significant Other does something you don't like, you just shoo it. The unconscious awareness has probably been balanced that if it's a restaurant you frequent—and if you think about it, it's not with an add comparison (both people matter, and that's the ultimate consideration)—well, with a restaurant, one bad evening, one unimpressive waiter, and you just drop the joint. No apologies, no explanation. Just cut it dead. Pure it. Not like your real life, where you have to sort out problems and deal with the realities of the world. Go to a restaurant for a few hours and you can suspend your supergo.

THE CELEBRATED L.A. restaurants are all aspects of star systems, and the most famous of all is surely Mo's Mission. What is one to make of this subway, sometimes made, sometimes gracious, power center? To eat lunch there is unopposed by you. Good value, an opportunity to be seen, Secretary of State, or by an obnoxious friendling with one of the captains, is positively monochrome. Mo's Mission has an unlisted number—if you want it, it's 213-655-2991, but it won't do you much good. This is a restaurant that's just not successful in your business, at least at lunch, or in advance. If you want to show up at about one-thirty on a slow Monday, and if you weren't wearing a polyester leisure suit, you'd probably get a table. But to actually reserve a table is impossible. Not likely. Dinner's another matter. For reasons that are apparent, dinner's a more sophisticated club. They'll actually book a table for you and, within reasonable bounds, honor it. It's expensive, but the food's quite good. Wednesday lunch, the head chef, has covered me, and another chef, one John Sweeney, has been charged with maintaining his estranged girlfriend, the actress Donnamare Dunne. But Patrick Terrell, the boss of the club, seems to have found someone else to go to the club, bleach the napkins, and leave the dock.

On New Year's Eve, Mo's Mission had the joint surrounded. There was a guard standing about twenty-stable pace—just like Dirty Harry. "Kiss your eyelashes" (it's a reference to the film), and one block away at the intersection of Rodeo Drive and Brighton Way, in Beverly Hills, curious-looking men stood in line. Waiters with bulges—yes, guards on the street. The waiter Michael Elton, a man who knows restaurants and danger, says "They're young, curious of identity and the whole city will be like South Africa." The presence of a guard at Mo's Mission is not without some justification. In late February of this year, four gunmen walked into Gump's, an upscale joint on Beverly Boulevard, and instead of sitting at a table pulled their guns and took fifty-five thousand dollars from the waiter and diners. But back to Mo's Mission, which is Garçonerie in its own way. There are three dining rooms. The most popular is a sort of circus-circus porch with fancy ornate ducks. It has been described as a parking lot with a shower curtain on top. It has twenty-seven tables and it's where the action is. There's also a small, more formal, more elegant, although it has a table that's always reserved for Orson Welles. He's usually there holding court. There's an operators room where private lunch are served and, although the establishment does not have a bar, there is a bar. The most poker games are held at the openings. There are legends surrounding these games. The best one on that's where



AT THE HOUSE OF MICHAEL'S, MO'S MISSION, THE RESTAURANT THAT'S BEEN THE CENTER OF THE CITY'S THEATER.

David Begelman ran up some big debts and had to consent to disperse and now celebrated returns to some degree. Word is that the games regularly have seats in the three- to five-thousand-dollar range—a range very few of us are at home on.

Mo's Mission abounds in legends and myths. There are two more. About three years ago the producer Sidney Beckman, a habitué of the place, walked across the room—the parking lot with the ducks—and told Robert Litzman, an

agent, that he was not pleased with some remarks Litzman allegedly made about Beckman's daughter. Then Sidney punched him in the nose. I don't know if Patrick charged extra for the bandages.

More recently, Peter Langen, the producer of Langen's *Benjamin* in Stratton Street in London, has been in town checking out possible sites for an L.A. restaurant. He's spent a lot of time at Mo's Mission working the room, chatting up the patrons and making himself at home. Langen is an

eccentric fellow gives us wrapped white suits and clip-on suspenders. Mr. Langen spends some time in restaurants then, exercise classes. He is a sex lab and trim. He is a hot punchy but endearing-looking. As he walked the room in his fashion Mr. Langen felt the need to shove left itself. Generally you'd expect such a person to walk the low yards into the indoor dining room, past Queen Wilkes, and go to the bar. And usually that's what Langen does. On this day, however, he turned away from

the dinner, walked a few feet into the parking lot, abandoned himself and peed into a portapotty. This was not Gladys Beigelman, a woman of some dignity. My Beigelman's reaction goes unrecorded, but Patrick Torralba had a few dramatic pyrotechnics, waving the flowers," is the way Laganowski would do. Torralba, without other parking arrangements, told her never to come back.

SPAGO IS a gaze just above the Sunset Strip. Wall is Andre Galle and is to have replaced, "Don't underestimate me too quickly." It's run by Wolfgang Puck, and yes, that's his real name. Herr Puck, who wears a baseball cap instead of a touque and looks just a tiny bit peevish over a dark and glossy restaurant, parked it, and made it light and bright.

Open a year and a half, it's a great success and a textbook example of how to do it in L.A. The food is, you'll pardon me, only a mild heating. The list is one in the park. You can have a soup Simon Barbara grows, with duck sausage, and various cheeses, including goat. You can have regular food too, which is to say properly grilled fish and meat. But the pain's the come-on. Well, come breakfast the chef of Ma Maison, the chef of the restaurant's ingredients prize, and he got a big push from George Clooney of *The Unforgotten* and Carroll O'Connor and Gene Kelly. This George Puck and Gene Zarewood were doing together. And then comes the agent from the big agencies, the producers, directors, and writers, and now there's a line at the door and an answering machine on the phone. Everyone talks about the food, but behind me, it's the same. The idea is it wouldn't be the same. The idea is you can go and greet people but still pretend you're in it for the cash.

By about nine o'clock, the inebriated host to greet them about once in a while of these guests, Spago, at least of the tables in front, is filled with people who know one another and make an aggressive point of showing it. It's like a little parade, with people leaping from one table to the next, shaking hands and greeting people they've only spoken to in the past few days. It's so Spago and not know anyone at the other tables is to just get pissed, and you can do that at Uncle Luigi's, which is tonight, however, not and not for pizza.

At first Spago was almost overwhelmed by its success. Heretofore, it was a novelty and people who weren't used to such treatment left angry and misled. The rubin' of, Hans Leberde, was dismissed and Wolfgang moved back to Ma Maison for Bernard Epstein, who has managed to make the transition an easy one. In an interview, people are seated with reasonable decorum, and though it all Bernard seems general, cascading the crash to get in, it's a respectable performance.

The waiter at Spago are good at calibrating the show business weight of each diner. If the waiters don't recognize the person, they just count the number of people he or she attracts or is greeted by. The food is fine, what with the opening, it's like a bit of picnic running for the office. It's an absolute quillie job as people work the room, stringing beads and nodding. Travel, you say? A lot of monologues from pressing and monologue small talk? Maybe, but consider this. Hollywood, by which I mean the film, TV, and record business, is a mangle in that it supports a lot of people without letting them actually do what they're paid for, that is, make movies, TV shows, and records. This people, if they're affluent and very capable, feel left out. The Spago table-hopping dance makes them feel let in. This is no usual thing when the central business belief of the majority is, Contacts are everything. And so there they are, conversing or trying to.

EVERY MISSY girl, and particularly wise guys from New York, comes to L.A., looks around for twenty minutes, and declares it a city without history, nothing to put. That might be considered sage or instantly big by L.A.ites here, but it doesn't suit. Out there do a gossip column in the *Herald Examiner* refers to L.A., to do it again it from back East) A case at point: The Imperial Gardens, a Japanese restaurant on Sunset Boulevard in West Hollywood. It's in the building that was once Preston Stanger's Playor's Club. How that got the history? Stanger and his chums—John Barrymore and Gene Fowler—see long gone to the commissary in the sky but their childhood shenanigans. It was the city it lives in, is really several cities in one. For years a horrendous feud called the Monthy File (I won't do it make those things up) pitted Japanese film music on one level and major Japanese people came to their and broke while capturing a Hollywood restaurant did an own kind of cheating.

The trip is, it's sometimes known, has a lot of room. There's almost always a table, the food's edible, the waitresses wear realistic Japanese dress—kimonos, obi—and have a little, well, and. The service is erratic, but sometimes they can speak English and that helps. When you're there, you can always see your friends or people you wish were your friends. The place is next to the Casino Maricourt, the Chelsea Hotel West, and until John Belushi's death, he and Feynman were frequent diners—it made the place sort of a big Ma Maison.

On one memorable evening there a few teenagers, no names if I and A, had a delicious food fight—one pitched a broccoli spear to the other, who threw an anchovy chauskitch. The bad game was watched over by Rickey Miller, in the company of a spectacular blonde in a Ferrari-style evening gown. The man was in his very late

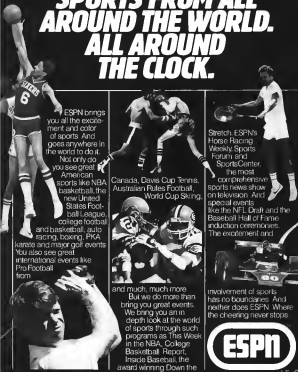
thirties, his complexion looked about thirty-five. Also in attendance, Timothy Leary, Linda Ronstadt, and Robert DeNiro, and the usual assortment of young male musicians, writers, directors, and actors. Now, the difference between the top and the M.I. is not just the type of the doors—they're in opposed to Jerry and up—it's a difference in well-to-do and up and der. Some business. Directors and gawkers at the top are all, but none, rock music line and most of them are in jeans and sneakers. Ma Maison, whatever the musical preference, is heavy on cashmere, light on distressed-leather bomber jackets.

The food? It's okay. Japanese. I guess that's why you like. Umm, um, one of the concert and the only truly applicable category I could find, but even there, especially, it's usually one that you get it. They're used to vegetarians and people who think things as a transcendence.

LE DOME. Not the one in Paris but the one in the building that used to house Sara Preberg and his offices. It's on the Strip, and for a while it seemed to be the home of a lot of musicians. It's decorated like a Times Ocean liner, quite elegant and low-key, with soft, glowing lighting. The kitchen is good—it lets into the concept of "sushi," which in L.A. usually means no burgers or helping plates. The menu, as if that's why anyone goes there, is the basic Ma Maison clone—that is, French food—pasta, pizza, pasta, pizza, grilled meat and fish, and a lot of signs. The things have gotten around, a lot of food sold so much for the eats. Despite the apparently tasteful decor, the crowd is usually fairly unimpressive—TV—a lot of musicians and a lot of agents. And if the waiters in the bar look like jerky hookers and maybe they are, but they're usually just bringing out rather than waiting. Like so much of L.A., the vibe here is frequently inebriated—swirly booze, silk blouses, and credit cards on the dance, and jiggling suits and cashmere jackets on the fellows. Well, not everybody. Not the anyway. That enough so it's not odd-looking, doesn't I mean many levels.

In addition to the lovely type type, there's often a lot of money. It's mostly two women, and a lady apparently celebrating the child's first birthday. They were stylishly dressed, the man looked European. The lady was cute, but they kept snapping football Polaroid shots of the lady while it happened. The other dinner, Okie, a smugly old, but my wife and I were very near there. This came the Burns & Grand-Gren. Yes, yes. That's right. Sargent! She had a tape deck of the sort known as other circles in a photo business. It blazed, she danced with a very handsome in the tables while her customer laughed excessively. My vantage point was about a foot from her backside. The view was sort of like being backstage at a bar-

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THE TOTAL SPORTS NETWORK

hugue house. When she was done bumping and strapping, she went from table to table in her flirty, teasing, endearing, hand-on-carb. I can tell you that, it wouldn't happen at L.A.

Underwear as part of a theme at La Delfina. Five models on Friday's lunch, but there was a lingerie fashion show. You sat there shoving in your empanadas, talking your details, while women caught peepers straddled up and down the rails, between the waitress and the dessert cart, showing off their backs, several hand-drawn leeches worth of lace was not uncommon. The models were cute as buttons, or probably smarter, but presumably enough people complained so that owners Michael Fuchs and Eddy Berthold directed the crew at L.A. The only row next at lunch should be steak tartar.

PETER MORTON, an American who lived in and still operates restaurants in London, seems to be taking over Los Angeles. Morton's in Miami, Hollywood, and a well-known celebrity and show biz jet. It reads to cater to status and network associates. It's a large, lively room with pink stucco walls, light blue accents, and natural plants. There's a lot of table hopping and good, solid food. Although the room can be noisy, this isn't a place where stromps are likely to show up, at least not when they're working. The diners here are working themselves and they're gonna shoot it. There needs to be down time, but they do up, at least by the regular. It is as if this were just an extension of the working day. The regulars are saying, "Here we are again—back in the old seat seats." The women tend to dress a bit better, or at least more elaborately.

One secret: A middle-aged man and a black woman sat at the table. The staff was helpful and comforting. The man was taken out on a gurney. It caused only a slight disruption in the dining room—people kept eating and, most important, drinking.

Four Morton recently opened the third Rock Cafe, a fresh hamburger joint based at the London establishment. Morton once owned it. The L.A. Rock Cafe's location is a late-1970s Cadillac, late and old, stands out of the road—attracts a young crowd, a big members. The burgers are fine, the place good, and the music is too loud for anyone over twenty-one. Morton admits again.

THIRK ARE also countless tiny ethnic joints—the three Thai (Bread-Street) is a Philippine restaurant in a shopping center in Hollywood that has great massage and so enough to go with the paper plates, you eat with your fingers. There are dozens of Mexican and sushi bars on every corner. There's Carnitas, a Mexican coffee shop where, if you order

pastrami, the waitress just brings you an arepa and puts up some coffee.

Which leads us to the Cock and Bull, a semi-show biz joint, way uptown from the three later but not at the Miss Mission lounge. The C & B has been on the Strip for forty years. Its facade is a dark, roughly built, tower for a modest case you dig into the most local and Yorkshire pudding of the steak and kidney pie. At least it's packed with the agents, producers and lawyers from the nearby office buildings. In the evenings, you begin to sense what's particular not only about the Cock and Bull but about the style of all L.A. restaurants. It's a stage set. The place isn't English, it's not English. The mood is half-down from a sad, dusty, old-fashioned, rustic, rustic, rustic, rustic. Like a kitchen at Spain, which is not in the area as it were a stage set, which made it of a cooking and eating so show biz, and that is a hunked kernel of organic corn in the L.A. style.

This simple truth came home visually one recent evening as I checked out the crowd at the C & B. At one nearby table was Christopher Isherwood, his longtime companion the painter Don Bachardy, and the writer Gore Lambert. They looked to be having a good time, eating their grub and eating each other.

On the other side was a thirty-year-old, pop, son, and daughter. Did you see a babe slower, and janes, and L.L. Two girls, both had a white blur, a long blonde, a blonde, a blonde. She was in a plunger dress and ordered the shrimp cocktail. Jerry's Master Dice (el) had a crest marked PERSONAL ACCOUNT. These people would have been here at home in the pages of The Proprietary. In an English, white, white. She was in a plunger dress and ordered the shrimp cocktail. Jerry's Master Dice (el) had a crest marked PERSONAL ACCOUNT. These people would have been here at home in the pages of The Proprietary. In an English, white, white.

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THE SPORTING LIFE

The Wiffle Ball

SINCE 1953

this plastic sphere,
this wonder of technology
and aesthetics, has
been curving its way
into our hearts

A by Steven Levy

WIFFLE BALLS arrive for what it doesn't do—*it*—it doesn't do, travel very far, or cost a lot. The game doesn't require eighteen people and doesn't have oppressive rules. And if the ball bops you on the forehead, the pain can continue as if nothing had happened. But the Wiffle ball also gained its popularity by what it does do: curve. And no one knows (or better than Gossamer, the man master of Wiffle.

Gossamer was a counselor at the Seaside Day Camp, where I worked the summer of my sophomore year. He had little interest in absorbing the night-owl-old "Medias" but a voracious affinity for one-on-one games of Wiffle ball. Wiffle another counselor attended the Alacran ("Playground") games.¹² They would ask incredulously Gossamer would lead me behind the locker cases. He was always having cases, so I would be faced immediately with the rubber puzzle of Gossamer's curveballs.

Though some people say Wiffle balls with all the force they can muster, parents consider that a crime against nature. "It is never right to give nature life," Scott Joplin has said, and the same applies to Wiffle ball. A well-tossed Wiffle ball will curve somewhat before it reaches the batter, giving the batsman a chance to think about before it unacceptably twists away from his bat or audaciously rises or undulates in an elegant S-pattern, the air passing through the holes of the projectile in a soft, hypoxic whine.

Gossamer's pitch was indeed the ball range of Wiffle aberrations; they approached the plate as if emerging from a time warp. More often than not the result would be a facile dismissal of my bat and the sad click of the ball hitting the catch wall, unmarked by my mighty swing. "One out," Gossamer would say matter-of-factly and I'd unconsciously bend down to retrieve the rubberball-size Wiffle ball, United States post number 2,76,139 so the performance could be repeated.

Eventually I learned my own tricks, picked up some secrets from the master, and our games, like the hundreds I have played since that summer, were competitive and satisfying. They were rich in strategy, the chess games, yet full of moments when the body was tested—reaching the pitch, at chasing ground balls, in over-the-shoulder catches of long drives that would get Larry Maddox to slumber. But not too long. Even if you field a popper ball, you never have to run too far to retrieve it, although in some important Wiffle-ball parks—really without exception, Wiffle-ball parks are important—home-run balls have to be salvaged from bushes.

The most pleasure of the game led me in time to a contemplation of the object itself. A new Wiffle ball, usually white, unmarked by grass stain or cement scuff, sat yet best out of shape by inaccurate handle, seemed a marvel of technology of aerobics. Who created it and who holds stewardship of this rational treasure? Among the voluminous data on the Wiffle-ball box is the address that "Wiffle Ball Inc." is located in Shelton, Connecticut. I managed to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Wiffle.

THE FACTORY, IF YOU CAN CALL IT that, is located near the off-ramp of a new highway that runs from Bridgeport, Connecticut, past Shelton, a city of around thirty-one thousand, and onward to Waterbury. It is a modest brick building, next to a restaurant's sign, and its wally disapprovingly greets me to the sign an eight-foot-high representation of a Wiffle ball. This is enough to encourage passing travelers to pause in their journey.

"They come in, and most always their expression is... is this all there is?" says David Mulvey Jr., the president of the company. Mulvey, who has grunted and roared and splinted for some design-revision, refuses to be more capable of looking perhaps twelve desks. Only first desks are in sight, and only Mulvey and a secretary are present. The minimalist conclusion you reach, and it's a recurring one, is that Wiffle Ball Inc. is a family business that takes its product very seriously.

Mulvey, who is forty-two and has the pronounced linguistic-borne-reverence of the non-constructed Mickey Mouse, whom he resembles a bit, once told Wiffle ball even before it was made specifically for him. One summer day in 1953, Mulvey was playing ball in his backyard with a friend because the space was limited, a friend wouldn't do. So the boys had taken to using plastic golf balls. David was developing a curve at the time, and he'd lost the ball with the last snap of the wrist required to get some motion in the pitch. After a few hours of this, he recalls, his son would be "like jelly" like father, David Mulvey Sr., watched the boys play

Streeta Levy is a New York writer who last in New York City. His most recent article for *Esquire* "Mating With Science Does a Job" appeared in our July 1992 issue.

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self became concerned. Having been a average pitcher, David Senior never knew what a strike would feel just out of a young, middle-class kid's hands. He wanted to make a ball for his son that would curve without the violent wrist-twisting.

David Senior went to the nearby Golf factory and obtained hollow plastic mold-making machines to form his own balls. They were somewhat smaller than baseballs. Sitting at his kitchen table that night, he used a razor to cut holes in the spheres, trying different patterns, as hopes that the air passing through the ball would affect the flight. The next day, David Junior tried them out and was particularly pleased with the one with eight oblong holes on ball of the ball.

Why it worked as well as other David Senior nor Junior can say. It has never been scientifically analyzed. "I don't give a damn how it works—I just know that it works," says David Junior.

Because it works so well, David Senior, who had been having troubles with his business, an auto-park lot, decided to make a few more balls. But capital, he mortgaged his house. The product name came from his son's trust after he had struck someone out with a nasty curve: "I whiffed you!" The *k* was dropped, the name was duly trademarked, and to his day both Mullineys get enthusiastically upset when (1) someone spills it outside or (2) someone smugly asks a generic term, applied to some similar but inferior copier.

In 1954 David Mulliney Jr. went to market with the Wiffle ball. At first, say salesmen "didn't want to talk about it," says David Junior, but a manufacturer's rep named Sam Monahan saw possibilities and got some retailers to carry it. Sales were slow for the first year and a ball, but then picked up considerably. The meager level of penetration was worth of mouth: "We never did any advertising," says David Junior. "Not that it was a bad idea—we just can't afford it." The one exception was a TV commercial made in the early 1960s that featured Whitey Ford tossing a Wiffle ball to some kids. Sales did increase in areas where the commercial was shown, but not enough to compensate for the cost of running the ads. So the only continuing promotion has been the appearance of major league ballplayers, whose pants usually, in black and white head shots on the boxes that bear Wiffle balls. The first program to appear on the boxes was Ford, Eddie Mathews, and Jackie Jensen. Carrying the name in 1963, Sealed Group, he is unclear what effect these portraits have on sales. "Wiffle balls sell themselves," says David Mulliney Jr.

How many Wiffle balls have been sold? Family secrets. "Millions" is an explicit as the dealer says. There are just as many speaks. He came into the family business full-time at twenty-two, having worked at it part-time from the beginning. Several years ago, David Senior partially retired, now working from an office in Florida. So starting to shelve for a week or so. "The timing was just right to start Wiffle ball," he told me over the phone. "Something like that couldn't be done today. Even your biggest corporations make it with a lot of people and a lot of dollars."

"We try to sell to all the stores," says David Junior. "Turn them all down. Why change?" He says that sales of Wiffle balls have risen steadily year after year. They sell in all fifty states, Europe, and areas of increasing interest. The First Day, Wiffle balls even reached the White House, while the Nixon administration was crumbling. David Eisenhower would cycle of the President's men to play Home Run Derby, the object being to hit a Wiffle ball over the fence of the Presidential tennis courts.

"All we try to do is offer a quality product at a good price," David Junior says, and as much as the sounds like hollow, I can attest to the fact that Wiffle balls are as good as they get. The first Wiffle balls, the small ones now referred to as Wiffle ball juniors, retained for forty-one cents, 120¢ dollars. You can buy one now for forty cents, 90¢. A regulation ball the size of a baseball can be had for a dime more.

The price has been held down by efficient manufacture. In a space only slightly bigger than a two-car garage, a machine makes transparent chips of polystyrene and white specks for coloring and prints them into mold, after a few seconds of operation, or perforated with the familiar oblong holes. When a bunch of these are finished, one of several multi-armed women leads them into another machine that welds the halves together. This creates an excess mass of plastic that is crumpled by hand. At full stream, the process yields a Wiffle ball every five seconds.

"How long they last depends on how you use them," says David Mulliney Jr., but the sad fact is that Wiffle balls are far from indestructible. The ones that don't wind up on roofs are subject to abuse from power hitters. "Homeowners lost the ball out of them," admits Mulliney. But the Wiffle ball's biggest enemy is a playful dog. After coming over and sniffing it, a dog will usually nudge a Wiffle ball like abstract sculpture. "If you sales over dogs," Mulliney jokes, "all we have to do is get dog food flavored as the plastic."

Wiffle ball has periodically offered other products. There's a plastic beer for instance, which I have always thought for inferior to a bromwich; and only it is too easy for humans, but it sounds phony—a clean hit sells only a dishearteningly hollow dog. But all decently, but apparently more than a few. "Wiffle flying saucer," an unambiguously cheaper version of the Frisbee, has

achieved the popularity of the Wiffle ball. Which is a comforting fact. It was interesting to see that to Wiffle Ball, like that the product I believe so much at not just another item on the assembly line of some giant corporation. It's made by people led to a machine. David Mulliney Jr. gets letters all the time from Wiffle fans, those trying to get a thousand dollars of pitches the recently got package from a boy who devised over thirty different ways to throw a Wiffle ball, those who, like Mulliney, have grown up with Wiffle ball and now play it with their own balls. There's even a woman who discovered that the now disaffected customer who snags back a Wiffle ball. "The ones they send are usually best all to hit," he says. Even so, Mulliney sends them a new one.

And if the new owner has any terms, he takes it outside and, watching the 4-inches on the box, grips the ball so that the perforations are lined up toward the thumb side of the hand. This results in a perfect curve away from the batter. Next pitch, he can reverse the position of the perforations and get a similarly accurately curving break back pitch. Maybe then a straight break, perforations kept upward, setting the bats a tip for my personal favorite, one that straightened over the great Glassman. Keeping the perforations, pitch the ball at a decent clip, aiming high left. Just as the batter expects it to meet his track in a shortening explosion, the ball will be seeking to hit his ankles. The batter will make a second like a fat man has just blown out birthday candles. One out.

THE OFFICIAL WIFFLE BALL RULES

There are none. For some years, Wiffle balls came with a printed set of rules, but the practice has been happily discontinued. However, the logical, commonsense, absolute best way to play Wiffle ball (the way I play it) is with one on each side, or two—pitcher and outfielder. Baseball rules apply, with broad exceptions. No one runs bases—according to distance, means are marked off by doubles, triples, and homers. A ground ball past the pitcher is a single. An out occurs if the pitcher steps a grounder, if a fly ball is caught, or if you strike out. A strike occurs if you (1) swing away and miss, or (2) hit two balls. If you hit the ball over the roof or a tree or something, you get it or buy another.

Feel free to take it. Some people run bases, even play Wiffle ball regularly (usually on softball Wiffle ball too, it's one of the things I like about this game). I don't think they're selling too well. Lots of people use the normal system of three strikes, even increasing on umpire to call balls and strikes. David Mulliney Jr. told me that at a park he visited in Maryland that Wiffle ball was the most popular game on the campus grounds, and lights for night ball. This seems terribly kind. ☐

Party in a Madhouse

Unintentionally a seminal part of the modern age, Ezra Pound replicated his genius with efficiency and business politics. As a result of his prolific, post-Pound broadcasts from Mussolini's Italy during World War II, Pound was indicted on numerous counts of treason in 1945 and sent to St. Elizabeth's asylum (where E. Fuller Torrey

is a pioneering psychiatrist) on an insanity plea. But razing a mad and possibly innocuous. While at the asylum Pound received astounding aid and support from a variety of available arts if not for the efforts of an eminent psychiatrist at St. Elizabeth's Dr. Victor Serrano Sr. (who died in 1984), in particular, his life might have been far crummier. The story that follows is of an unusual collection of literary, psychiatric, and political issues revealed in the great mind of Ezra Pound despite his madhouse settings.



EZRA POUND took asylum in a mental hospital and turned a charge of treason into a twelve-year salon

The procession of letters in this issue number 30-182 was unparalleled in any other month. One from the Nobel laureate T. S. Eliot, Wilson Carlos Williams, and a e. e. cummings visited Conrad Aiken, Robert Lowell, and Allen Tate came together one afternoon. H. L. Menckles, Sophia Spender, Thornton Wilder, Margaret Moore, Marshall McLuhan, Elizabeth Bishop, James Dickey, Alfred Alvarez, Katherine Anne Porter, even Alice Rosabeth Langworthy came. Edith Hamilton invited regularly to her black luncheon with chivalry at St. Elizabeth's Hospital because a secretary for concerts.

Ezra Pound was poetic and one-half years at St. Elizabeth's—precisely the extent of time he had spent in London. The St. Elizabeth's scene rivaled the London period as the most productive of his life and also the period of greatest recognition. Inevitably, they also marked the London years in his happen.

For someone who had been indicted on numerous counts of treason, Pound could have done much worse. The hospital site was a hill overlooking the ocean's rugged sea spasm grounds covered with flowering trees planted by an early superintendent with arboreal interests. In 1946 the hospital had its own laundry, bakery, fire department, library, auditorium, gymnasium, and tennis courts. It wasn't Harvard, but neither was it Leavenworth.

Pound spent his first year in Howland Hall, then moved to Center Building for the balance of his stay. His last room in Cen-

ter Building overlooked the tennis courts and front lawn, between the book store the Capitol, the Library of Congress, and much of downtown Washington could clearly be seen. At night the lights of the city lit up a broad panorama. His second room, to which he moved for more space, overlooked a small garden in the rear.

This room had one wall lined with bookshelves from floor to ceiling and served as both bedroom and study. It was described by all who saw it as a room of "professional elegance." Said one observer: "All drawers were open and each with clothing and personal effects hanged within. The floor was littered with papers, boxes, and assorted bra-a-bra. The dresser top was covered several levels deep." Another visitor noted that "almost all the wall space was covered with newspapers and pictures (which changed often) and schematic drawings and notes he made for himself concerning the structure and form of the developing notes as well as designs for the work of others. Envelopes and pieces of paper containing lines and excerpts from books he was using dangled on strings tacked to the walls and even to the ceiling." Pound worked at his typewriter in this room, often writing late into the night.

Over Ezra Pound had settled into St. Elizabeth's routine, he gratefully resumed his literary endeavors. For even as he did so

The article is excerpted from the book *The Steps of Treason: Ezra Pound and the Secret of St. Elizabeth's*, to be published by McGraw-Hill in October.



THE LATER CANTOS ARE HIGHLY STRUCTURED AND RATIONAL. EZRA POUND MAY BE CALLED UP WILFUL OR INSURANTEM BUT NOT INSANE

by E. Fuller Torrey

his class intends let him know that the price he had paid for his art, behind the mask of irony was accordingly high. William Levin wrote: "I am told you believe years will be the Nagasaki—er a Mississippi? What a pity you did not choose Beethoven." Williams wrote Levin: "What an elegant way for you to let me die, corpse legs on for what you are.... You can't let well as like that there is a point in it, contrary beyond which a word is left, but not carried to its necessary limit. A man can put that end upon us with his eyes open. But when the shadow comes, he loses his life." Most devastating, perhaps, was a letter from his confidante of the London and Paris years, Nancy Cunard: "I do not believe you are insane or illudicrous... Fustian uses the same language and the same line the world over. Fustian is not arbitrary, unless not used at all, it may be." Poind tried to fight the past and entered himself in poetry, composing two more books of poetry while at St. Elizabeth's. Sermon Knox-Dool consisted of eleven cantos and was published in 1945. It was named after Jack Kasser's sculpture Knox Dool, "the terrible Frankenstein monster which we have made ourselves into" which Pound had seen in progress when he visited Simpson's studio in 1943. There was included fourteen more cantos and was published in 1950. It was eventually finished before Pound left St. Elizabeth's.

Even William Carlos Williams put aside his criticism of Pound's politics ("A man does not have to agree with Pound in an acknowledgment of the evidence about his own writers," Williams wrote) and praised Pound the poet in 1959: "Ideally it is difficult—in Ezra's sense, but a sense of difficulty in the work is even more difficult. A man that cannot do that with the printed word so that the design at last starts to live is (longer) dead than anything." On his critics find these cantos generous and obscure, especially with Pound's increasing age of 76 in almost every poem.

As the poems were written and read Ezra Pound's earlier poems increase his St. Elizabeth's work is the product of an insane mad. Although full of obscure and complex references, the later cantos are as lightly structured and fully rational as any of Pound's earlier work. Pound may be a complicated writer, but his poetry that he cannot be accused of insanity. And it is, in fact, Pound's isolation at the abbey that is probably one source of the popularity that Pound had. T. S. Eliot has argued. The refinement of abstraction in his own nature and the "Achilles" level of intellects

William Carlos Williams assailed Pound's arrogance: "Why don't you use what is left of your head and try to think a little? Start with simple things like, Did I brush my teeth this morning?"

In addition to the poetry Pound published two books of classic translations and a book of translations of Shakespeare's works. His output of journal did not stop either during these years as immense, including thirty contributions to the *American Literary Review*. After only two political bulletins could be sent, and at least once to *The New York Times*, a paper of the Social Credit movement. The exact number of articles will never be known, since many of his more vitriolic and political tracts were published anonymously.

Pound also conducted his public correspondence while at St. Elizabeth's, using by conservative estimate at least one thousand letters a year. So vast was his correspondence that his psychiatrists, when calculating his financial needs in preparation for leaving the hospital, only had to estimate how much his major expense would probably be postage.

The personality characteristics manifested by Ezra Pound during his years at St. Elizabeth were identical to those that had made him famous and notorious in earlier years. A major attraction for visitors was his charm and intellectual vivacity, well described by Charles Datta, who was driven mad by it even after he had been of Pound's hospital.

"I returned to see Pound yesterday. He has two chairs. It is his chair which has broken him, for he summons it to care for some people instead, at a lovely, young, his maintenance of youth's ease thing... He remains, on the creative side of him, who, and is almost a perfect specimen of a human being as I know. Despite all the corruption of his body still."

Closely connected with Pound's charm was his eccentricity. Achieving this quality as an artistic quality, where his personality and his own nature had been fused. After had all his life, he used doors to get himself

out from the masses. Since at St. Elizabeth he had no access to the doors of his house, he overrode his claustrophobia and affected slippers worn of poets.

One psychiatrist described him as "driven in his usual attire consisting of brown slacks with wide, white, cuffs, and a pair of very short slippers (below the outer) and his own slippers. His hair was uncombed and his head uncombed." Another psychiatrist noted that "he entered the room with his hands out and his feet open." It was one way Pound could show contempt for his surroundings and also provide a pleasing counterpoint to his earlier years of pluming the hip.

Pound's behavior toward other patients was a mixture of friendship and benign contempt. He told one visitor that the patients didn't bother him because "he had never minded crazy people. It was only boys he could not understand."

Pound's captives and admirers were, as always, just beneath the surface. He informed one visitor that "It is fifty years ahead of his time and always has been," another noted his "intelligence is to talk anything that he hadn't already found out for himself."

It was Pound's arrogance that ultimately kept his closest friends at arm's length. The most attacks of these was William Carlos Williams, who intermittently assailed him with various attacks.

"You poor dumb clock. Instead of sounding off on your pathetic little Epitaph why don't you use what is left of your head and try to think a little while? Or, since thinking is something that is not possible for you at the moment, why not just try for a few accurate statements. Start with simple things like saying, 'Did I brush my teeth this morning?' Or something of the sort. From that you could build up and you'll find strong enough to write a letter.... Take my advice, Ed, and treat me with some intelligence or you will not even have one left in your audience." And later: "Go and swallow a bottle of coke and let it sit out of your ears."

Pound's visitors, even his closest friends and admirers, were frequently embarrassed by his anti-Scottish. Michael Rock wrote that "the Jewish obsession was there all the time," and James Lovell reported that it seemed to be growing stronger with the passing years. Chas. Olson's reaction to his letter to St. Elizabeth describe the depth of Pound's anti-Semitism most vividly. Pound once claimed, "I was a Zionist in Italy, but now I'm the program after what I've experienced" in Italy (St. Elizabeth).

More recently, some of Pound's friends were developing a plan to get his re-

leased. In June 1943 a meeting took place at the included Langley, John Gurnea, T. S. Eliot, and a colleague, W. H. Auden, Allen Tate, and Dudley Pitts. It is likely that the strategy leading to the creation of the Holliston Abbey was developed in the course of this meeting. As described by Archibald MacLeish, who was not at the meeting but was intimately involved in the planning of strategy for Pound's release, friends "conceived the idea of a new national prize for poetry to be awarded by the Library of Congress through a vote of its members who would select Pound as the first recipient, thus diverting his situation and putting the government, and particularly the Department of Justice, in an awkward if not untenable position." MacLeish had been the head of the Library of Congress before becoming Assistant Secretary of State, so he was in a propitious position to oversee the affair.

A one thousand-dollar prize, established by the Mellon family of Pittsburgh, was then offered by the Holliston Foundation, to be given for the best volume of verse published in America by an American each year. Pound's Poem Center, which had long unpublished since their completion in 1941, immediately agreed to submit Pound's poems to the committee. The committee, which included many Pound supporters, among them T. S. Eliot, Robert Lowell, Allen

Tate, Cornell Atkes, Theodore Spencer, and Katherine Anne Porter. It also included Katherine Garrison Chapin, the wife of Francis Biddle, who as Attorney General had indicted Pound; her inclusion was probably an attempt to embarrass the Department of Justice further by associating her with the award.

The vote was taken in 1949 by mail ballot, and the winner was Ezra Pound, only two votes (those of Katherine Garrison Chapin and Karl Shapiro) were cast in opposition. The resulting public outcry was sustained and stormy, how could a man indicted for treason, a man whose poems contained such anti-Semitic, be honored as a great American poet? The *Saturday Review of Literature* was most outspoken and implied that the award had been purchased. Virtually all literary magazines and many newspapers entered the debate. What are the limits of free speech? What does dissent and and treason mean? What is the obligation of an artist to his society? Can he be judged purely on his art without the context of his art being taken into consideration? They were complicated questions and they still stir controversy, but they did not open the gates of St. Elizabeth's.

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to MacLeish that Pound's involvement with Kuper was an embarrassment for them: all said it was Ezra's "irresponsibility" that "makes him receive dangerous living perks such as Kuper." Further, even if Pound were released, MacLeish feared that he would continue to praise Kuper publicly and would probably want to "go on the Mike Wallace show." Robert Frost, also involved with the negotiations for Pound's release, asked a postscript: "Neither you nor I would want to take him [Pound] into our family or even into our neighborhood."

A second impediment to Pound's release was Dr. Overholzer, who had his own concerns for bringing it about and declined to compromise. MacLeish believed that the release could be obtained quickly if Overholzer would be willing to declare Pound sane; the Department of Justice would quash the indictment and that would end the matter. Overholzer, however, maintained his stance and refused to cooperate, arguing that the Department of Justice should not quash the indictment and that Pound could be released. Later the Department of Justice refused to drop the indictment if Pound were moved to a private mental hospital, but Overholzer was not that, arguing that "nothing could be gained by releasing Pound, and perhaps might be important. Ezra Pound was an impediment to his own release. He repeatedly badgered the plans of his friends.

In 1935, for example, Pound wrote one plan for his release by insisting that he wanted "complete clemency and a conversion of official America to the views he expounded on *Rene Kiera*." Personally he had suggested to one visitor that the government "should at once release him, send him to Rome where he should be installed without cost to himself in the manner recommended by the American Academy. He should be employed at a compensation by the American Government as a confidential advisor to the American Ambassador in Rome and should be given an exceptional grant of European honors."

Even as late as December 1937 Pound was telling friends that all he really wanted was passages to leave the hospital grounds, and telling Dr. Overholzer that if the government released him, he would not return to Italy since "they [Italians] house me in the asylums at Mantova to stimulate local life." All of which led Ezra to complain that Pound "does not want to accept freedom on any terms that are possible."

Despite these impediments, the efforts of his friends went forward, with Archibald MacLeish conducting the plan. In August 1937 Senator Richard L. Neuberger

Pound was said to have been insane not only since 1945 but during the war, when he was broadcasting, as well. His fight for what he had believed in was reduced to the babbling of a madman.

of Oregon requested that the Library of Congress prepare an investigative report of the Pound case, and Congressman Usher L. Burdick of North Dakota asked the House Committee on the Judiciary to hold hearings. Pound's friends in England sent the U.S. Attorney General a petition for Pound's release signed by Jean Cocteau, Graham Greene, Benjamin Franklin Stravinsky, and William Somerset Maugham. The White House became involved, with Colonel Hooper, Eisenhower's personal adviser and James Laughlin's brother-in-law, urging White House chief of staff Sherman Adams to put the matter before the President. In January 1938 Under Secretary of State Christian Herter sent a letter to Dr. Overholzer, an old friend of Pound's, asking him to "drop a word like at your convenience as I would very much like to be fully informed in respect to this difficult individual Ezra Pound." All that remained to effect Pound's release was to work out the details, and MacLeish induced Robert Frost to lead his considerable group to facilitate that goal.

Even when the plan for Pound's release was agreed upon early in 1938, his supporters continued to face a crucial hurdle for that he could not leave the country until MacLeish wrote to Overholzer: "I have been in touch with Pound [I put the general plan in hand without telling him who I had been in touch with in the government. I fully retained the kind of copy you can imagine as being made privately through his side. They have asked him not to let his friends speculate publicly; these facts but he is always the risk that he or they will." Pound had his own acute apprehensive timing for being released, for on April 3, 1937, a reading of his manuscript had said him he would be released on approximately April 16, 1938. Pound had become increasingly interested in astrology as his St. Elizabeth's

plans and took each prediction very seriously.

On April 13, 1938, Ezra Pound sat in the United States District Court for the District of Columbia, accompanied by Dorothy and her son, Oscar. The judge, Bobbin J. Lane, was one of those who had angrily urged Pound to St. Elizabeth's in a matter of minutes Judge Lane dismissed the indictment, thereby freeing Pound. Dr. Overholzer submitted a sworn affidavit in which he claimed that Pound was still "incapable from a legal point of view from entering and now conducting suit to advise properly with counsel or to participate intelligently and reasonably in his own defense; and that he was sane, and his contumacious, belligerent, and obstinate suits for trial... are in

primary and so seriously menacing the public order demanding the indictment, the judge further added that "there is available to the defense psychiatric testimony to the effect that there is a strong probability that the continuance of the present confinement would be the result of insanity." It was only now that he had been committed since 1918, but he was now said to have been sane during the war, when he was broadcasting, as well. His fight for what he had believed in was permanently reduced to the babbling of a madman.

Pound didn't seem to notice. Dr. Overholzer had warned him that he would have to make certain statements at court that Pound might find offensive but that this was a necessary part of getting the final release. Overholzer played his part superbly in the very end and earned the accolades thrown at him by Pound's supporters as the poet's true guardian.

Ezra Pound reacted to his own freedom by voluntarily staying at St. Elizabeth's for an additional three weeks. The ostensible reason was to complete some dental work, but in fact he could have been released on temporary-release status and then returned to the hospital for dental appointments if he had wished. The truth was that Pound was ambivalent about leaving the hospital, perhaps seeing precariously that the outside world would be less interested in him once he was released. The inmate system had served easily as refuge and showcase, and had all been, in the words of a friend, "a safe harbor for a floundering and flaggingly casting."

On May 8, 1938, exactly thirteen years and four days after he was arrested at Rapallo, Italy, Pound was discharged from the hospital. His final diagnosis, stated "W.D. is sane." "The patient is well-differentiated." It had been an extraordinary setting for an extraordinary man, the greatest Dadaist show of all. ☐

MODERN ROMANCE



Based on Black



Writers advised that the fashion world's conventional and measured of the 1990s began of Philip A. Thomas's exciting combination of vibrant and masculine blue and black. Incorporating it into a street culture, Brandwatch chose when 1990s and planned fall. They of small Brandwatch CEO, all of Brandwatch's chief executive officer, Jerry Maguire, Beverly Hills, Calif. For the "Black" Brandwatch's chief executive officer of Brandwatch, Philip Thomas, CEO, says, "I'm a fan of the color black and its versatility with black fashion group." Brandwatch CEO, Jerry Maguire, Beverly Hills, Calif. For the "Black" Brandwatch's chief executive officer of Brandwatch, Philip Thomas, CEO, says, "I'm a fan of the color black and its versatility with black fashion group." Brandwatch CEO, Jerry Maguire, Beverly Hills, Calif. For the "Black" Brandwatch's chief executive officer of Brandwatch, Philip Thomas, CEO, says, "I'm a fan of the color black and its versatility with black fashion group."

Forget those pale pastels and candy colors of seasons back. For the black love. Ladies that start with black and add shiny, strong color for the streets. On fall, black has been around for a long time. It's a color that's always been around, but it's never been so popular as it is now. In the fashion business, black clothes have been an understated and subtle way to show off. But there's nothing outrageous or edgy about the new crop of

black clothes with their bold colored accents. From vibrant, wide openwork to shiny shiny colors, black provides a striking contrast for women and men. It's a color that's always been around, but it's never been so popular as it is now. In the fashion business, black clothes have been an understated and subtle way to show off. But there's nothing outrageous or edgy about the new crop of

By VINCENT BOUCHER



For the color black and its versatility with black fashion group. Brandwatch CEO, Jerry Maguire, Beverly Hills, Calif. For the "Black" Brandwatch's chief executive officer of Brandwatch, Philip Thomas, CEO, says, "I'm a fan of the color black and its versatility with black fashion group." Brandwatch CEO, Jerry Maguire, Beverly Hills, Calif. For the "Black" Brandwatch's chief executive officer of Brandwatch, Philip Thomas, CEO, says, "I'm a fan of the color black and its versatility with black fashion group." Brandwatch CEO, Jerry Maguire, Beverly Hills, Calif. For the "Black" Brandwatch's chief executive officer of Brandwatch, Philip Thomas, CEO, says, "I'm a fan of the color black and its versatility with black fashion group."



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The *Esquire* Review

AUGUST 1983



Big Deal

by John Gregory Dunne

THIS IS A HOLLYWOOD STORY IT BEGINS IN SWITZERLAND IT HAS STOPOVERS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK IT ENDS IN BERLIN AND IN BAKENWOOD PARK. MOST OF IT TAKES PLACE OVER THE TELEPHONE. IT IS ABOUT MONEY AND IT IS ABOUT POWER AND IT IS ABOUT SEX. It is about a deal. And it is with a deal, a succession of deals, that a motion picture gets off the ground.

In the fall of 1982, George Roy Hill, the movie director (*The Sting*, for which he was an Academy Award, and *Swish Kid* and the *Sandlot Kid*, among others) trekked to Switzerland to meet the English novelist David Cornwell, who is perhaps better known under his own de pen name, John Le Carré. The reason for George Hill's trip to Switzerland was David Cornwell's recently completed novel, *The Lethal Dreamer Girl*. George Hill had read the new novel in manuscript

form and his enthusiasm was so high that he wanted to make a motion picture from the book. As it happens, the attorney for both George Hill and David Cornwell is Morton L. Levy, (whose) for the Park Avenue entertainment law firm of Cohen, Weinberg, Harlow, Vines & Sherefsky Morton Levy was in London on business, and soon London he arranged for his two clients to meet.

The meeting in Switzerland was a success. On spots of Morton Levy's best clients, George Hill and David Cornwell had never previously met. Cornwell agreed that Hill was the director he wanted for *The Lethal Dreamer Girl*, and so Morton Levy opened negotiations with Warner Bros. to buy the book. Warners was the choice because George Hill's Pan Arts Corporation has a financing and distribu-

tion deal with that studio, a deal of course negotiated by Morton Levy. The package of George Hill and *The Lethal Dreamer Girl* was an appealing to Warners that Morton Levy was able to conclude a deal quickly. Warners would buy the book and assign it to Pan Arts, and George Hill, with Warners' money, would produce and direct the film.

It was at this point that I received a telephone call from my motion picture agent, Susan Segler of the Segler, Duckert agency in Los Angeles. Among Hollywood agents Susan Segler is an authority. Her visit to Princeton, like a Princeton faculty in Hollywood is considered as research as living in Grasse Pointe Farms, and once, I am convinced, based a very rich, young senior agent only because she had gone to Princeton. ("You'll love her," he

ILLUSTRATION: GILL SANDERSON

had told me in the *Ev* League show he still affects, "he went to Kozoff," [the implication being that he and I, both Princetonians, were perhaps the only two people in Hollywood who had ever heard of Kozoff.] On the airplane, George Ziegler had pulled up one of the *Conrad* film negotiations with Warner, and because the project would need a screenwriter he wondered if me—my wife, Jan Dahan, and I—would like to read *The Little Drummer Girl*. He had already talked to George Hill's office and said:

READING a book for adaptation into a screenplay is different from reading for pleasure. It is relentless—one reads slowly, spitting out the fat, gristle, and extraneous joints.

—I knew that Doris Ziegler was interested in our writing the screenplay, but I was less sure how interested George Hill was—I told Doris Ziegler that I would get back to him. I was so proud to extend my hand on the novel I had just begun, and the novel

was halfway through, to read *The Little Drummer Girl* if there was no real chance of our being asked to do the screenplay.

And so I called Martin Leary in New York. Again as it happens, Martin Leary is my attorney as well as George Hill's and David Carmel's. It is not all that unusual a situation. There are only a handful of good relationships in the movie business, and I see constantly balancing the conflicting concerns of clients who work with each other, who wish to work with each other, who defect each other, see each other, marry and divorce each other. Martin Leary is short, round, and benign, he looks, as his name also has in the fifteen years he has been my attorney, like a Jewish Dr. DeLiake. He is so amiable that my wife and I once felt like to leave the country when he would have a negotiation she was having with her publisher and one I was having with my publisher. The twin negotiations—each for a new novel—needed a referee because my publisher is married to my wife's publisher, a situation further complicated by the competitive strains between my literary agent and my wife's literary agent, each of whom wanted to negotiate a better deal than the other. I might add here that Martin Leary was most aware of these strains as he is that the attorney he had been my attorney agent and my wife's literary agent. We told him to keep the peace between the two of them, that we did not wish to be played off against each other, but that we also wanted the best deals possible.

Martin Leary's success as a referee was such that the only real difference between my contract and my wife's contract was that she would receive fifty more line copies of her book when it was published than I would when mine was. Both my publisher and my wife's publisher called Martin Leary a son of a bitch, which he took as praise for a job well done. I tell you this in such detail only to indicate that I know Martin Leary would scrupulously guard the interests of both David Carmel and George Hill when

I asked him if there was more than an outside chance of our writing the screenplay of *The Little Drummer Girl*.

No, Martin Leary said, the chances were slight. As the leading character in the novel was an English actress and so much of the narrative action took place in actual, third-rate English scenery (though David Carmel, who could make such demands per his contract, was insisting on an English screenwriter familiar with the theater and provincial scenery) it was to settle on an English writer that George Hill had flown to Europe to meet with David Carmel. I thanked Martin Leary, then called Doris Ziegler back and said that we would pass up the opportunity to read *The Little Drummer Girl*.

Several months passed. Then, early in December 1962, there was a message on my answering service from Pat Kelley, the president of George Hill's Pan Arts Corporation. I suspected the call might have something to do with *The Little Drummer Girl*, for so other reasons than that it had been nine years since I had talked to Pat Kelley, and that time over another project with which we were both associated. A *Star* in Los Angeles was then president of First Artists Corporation, the company that was making the movie, and he had played the settlement Martin Leary had negotiated to get out of *A Star Is Born* when Barbra Streisand and her consort, Jon Peters, walked off freed of his screenplay. My only worried theme of a contractual net profit points returned, which transformed the thing into a settlement and made it a very sticky proposition. That settlement negotiation was a triumph for Martin Leary and a windfall for us, obviously if we were to be paid first and losing those three points then we would have made if we had remained on the pattern under the terms of our original contract. To our surprise, First Artists had approved all of Martin Leary's prop-

osals, including a stipulation that we share in the music and record royalties, a clause not previously included in our contract. It proved out that Pat Kelley was losing First Artists, and I have often wondered if his approval of our settlement was perhaps his way of saying goodbye to the strong and demanding egos of Jon Peters and Barbra Streisand.

Before returning the call from Pat Kelley, I telephoned Martin Leary in New York and asked him if *The Little Drummer Girl* might have something to do with the message. Yes, he said George Hill and David Carmel had agreed on an English writer acceptable to both, but he was not available until the end of February. As George Hill wanted to start shooting, *The Little Drummer Girl* in late summer, the English writer had been called. George needed someone who could begin work immediately. Hence the call.

With this information in hand, I called Pat Kelley back. We exchanged pleasantries for a few moments and I did not know why he was calling and as if he did not know I knew why he was calling. Then we got down to business. Had we heard that George was going to do *The Little Drummer Girl*? I reminded that I had heard rumors to that effect. Had I read the book? No. Would I like to read it? Yes. Were we available? To that question I have the standard answer: one could always make one's self available if the project and the personalities were of interest, and the consultation of George, Ray Hill and a John Le Carré novel was obviously intriguing and the conflict in the Middle East that was the subject of the book was something that reached all our lives every day—its center and so forth. Pat Kelley had been around long enough to know exactly what that last bit meant: a definite and enthusiastic maybe. He said he would recommend two more copies of the board gallery of the *Little Drummer Girl* that afternoon. He also said that George was at the Meyer Clinic for his usual checkup and would be in Los Angeles late in the week beginning December 6. If I flew and I had the book to read, perhaps we could meet.

One of the characteristics of subjects with no commitments on either side.

It took us five days to read *The Little Drummer Girl*. Reading a book for adaptation into a screenplay is different from reading for pleasure. It is a relentless, careful search in which the book is reduced to its barest bones; it is then those bones that a screenplay is constructed. One reads slowly, spitting out the fat and the gristle and the extraneous joints. At the end of this five-day read, I did not really know what I had thought of it, but it was impossible to "like" any book read in this fashion, but I was sure there was a movie in it, and I was equally sure that John and I knew how to write the screenplay. When George Hill arrived in Los Angeles the end



PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LACROIX

A Hollywood Story
TWO WOMEN UNEXPECTEDLY IN SYNC

of that week, he called and we agreed to meet at our home in Brentwood over the weekend of December 11 and 12.

There was more excitement. One of the attractions of working on the screenplay of *The Little Drummer Girl* for both my wife and me was that we both had a block at that open house end December through the end of June 1963, without conflicting commitments. We were already scheduled to leave on Saturday, December 30, for Barbados, where we were spending Christmas at the house of friends and where we could work through the holidays. This meant we had to see if we were in sync with George Hill and he with us and work out a deal before they flew to Barbados. She and I agreed that if a deal could not be worked out by the end of business hours December 17 we would

pass on the project. We saw no point in meeting unless something wrote in that Hollywood land of contractual combat, the negotiation.

George Hill arrived at our home promptly at one o'clock on Saturday, December 11. We had known him casually since he made *The Sting*, which was produced by Michael and Jan Phillips, who were friends and neighbors of ours when we had lived in the farthest reaches of Malibu some years before. George comes from a Catholic family in Minnesota, graduated from Yale and also has a degree from Trinity College, Dublin. He served in the Marines in World War II and in Korea, and at only he still looks like the Marine officer he once was—square, cold eyes, close-cropped hair. Early in his career, he was a stage actor both in Ireland and with

Margaret Webster's Shakespeare Repertory Company. I cannot imagine much warmth coming across the foothills. His wife participated in *Black Sunday* and *The Sting* but made her real money, but he is famous in the movie business for never picking up a check. And his dress can best be described as nondescript, or perhaps minimalist. A producer who once worked with her told me that George begged that he bought his clothes at an Army surplus store in Santa Monica, where he could get khaki pants for under ten dollars.

Before he came that Saturday I called two writers who had written previous films to find out what George was like to work with. It was as if they were quoting from the same text. Both said he had the best story sense of any director with whom they had ever been associated, both

said he was absolutely transaction about not getting up any more but had acted as if that he would play off an apartment were persuasive enough, both said he thought he was good writer but was not, both said he would occasionally be a terrible pain in the ass, and both said unequivocally that they would work with him again. It had also taken the trouble to look up all the writer credits on his pictures. Unlike movie directors he does not use multiple writers on a screenplay. One writer writes on a script from beginning to end, which meant that George had enormous confidence in his ability to get exactly what he wanted from a screenwriter.

There was almost no professional looking each other out. He looked right at the work. "What was the book about? What was the line of the movie? What could be claimed? What was necessary? Was contained over an antique lunch in the kitchen. Just and I each had a beer. George had cheap French wine was. By the end of that first day, we were laughing at a possible ending of the picture on a bulletin board. On Sunday the procedure was repeated. Just had made it so hot that it made our scalp ache. Man, been another batch of \$3.49 Chicken, Thursday. By late Sunday afternoon we had mutually blacked out the first forty-five minutes or so of *The Lullaby Dreamer* and three by five index cards. I do not by any means suggest that

this would have been the narrative line of the picture. It only meant that we seemed to be in sync with each other.

George talked about scheduling. He said he would like to begin shooting in late August. We said we would like to work as Executive over Christmas. He asked if it would be possible for us to work with him for a few days in New York on our way home from Barbados. We said that would be no problem. He asked if we could have a first draft by the end of February. We were shaking the end of January, but we did not tell him that. He said the money people would talk the first three Monday morning. We kept the index cards when he left. Writers can have meetings with prospective employers. But since Warner's could make nothing out of writers without an endorsement, I looked as if we were going to avoid the screenplay of *The Lullaby Dreamer* Girl. We listed Ernest Ziegler as his home in Pasadena and Monroe Lewis in New York.

But of course we did not write the screenplay of *The Lullaby Dreamer* Girl. Money was the inevitable reason the deal fell apart, but the negotiation actually happened on the most classic of Hollywood deal-making, habits and ego, and not money wars and leverage. It was the amount that negotiators take so long in Hollywood—it is common for contracts not to be signed until long after a picture is at

release—that the negotiator establishes the closed power, the class of contract. Making an individual look down over money in the negotiation process is one quick and clear way to establish that power, to show who is boss. The producer got my wife and I have ever had in his own controllable advantage. Everyone wants to make a movie. The line is long, the choices are real, and the choices have to stack up—or someone else is chosen.

It is a situation in which the only lever that my wife and I have ever had in that we do not particularly care if we ever write another movie. We have a professional life quite independent of motion pictures, and we are not dependent on screenplays for our living. We like writing films, even if that means making it for ourselves, as a movie making is not related to the very same one because a writer to the very same, but we do not like to work hard. This attitude encourages intractability, and we were thus set on a collision course with George. It was \$250,000 guaranteed for me, the picture had to cost over \$200 million. George Hill and David Cornell would be getting \$2.5 million between them, so \$200,000 for us was not out of line, we had to establish a position. That is how important it was to me. I told Ernest Ziegler he was crazy. We wanted this deal to work, there were only five days to make it work before we left for Barbados, there was no time to waste fishing for a guaranteed five hundred grand. We wanted it only what we had, and we got it on the line that had to go to get on our behalf: a remake of an old classic at another studio, a guaranteed \$300,000 for a first draft and one set of changes against a first bid of \$450,000 if that studio was allowed credit, and a public participation.

The numbers were staggering, but there is more to mention the numbers that we might see would move a lot starting in *The Lullaby Dreamer* Girl. This was to emphasize here that one purpose of the huge bids at the movie business is to establish respect in the marketplace of Hollywood, a million-dollar director has half a million dollars more respect than a \$250,000 director. This was why the Elements, Commitment of a motion picture negotiator is. That should set the tone that this best deal everyone knows who everyone else makes this information is passed around like popcorn at a movie, and the person who makes the Elements Commitment is seen not as a negotiator of respect and confidence but as a plain confidence man.

The negotiation was between Ernest

Ziegler and a business affairs lawyer at Warner's, the lawyer was called a consultant for George Hill. After some initial sparring between Ernest Ziegler and Pat Kelley, the Warner's lawyer contacted with George Hill's office, a guaranteed \$250,000 for a first draft and a set of changes for a second draft was essentially flooding or pricing that can be accomplished in a short, specified period, never more than ten working days, and to complete results with a whole schedule of re-negotiation. This guarantee was against a total bid of \$450,000, if we moved side credit, with a back-end profit participation to be worked out later. (In a picture as expensive as *The Lullaby Dreamer* Girl promised to be, with at least one and probably more elements involving a gross profit, the choice of any set of profits was practically nil.) This is at the end of that first day of negotiating, the actual difference between what we wanted and what was offered was the \$200,000 of the first draft guarantee, at Hollywood terms a padding sum, which is an indication of how far removed the picture business is from the real world. As a negotiator seemed anxious:

But there was no movement. Monday developed into Tuesday, into Wednesday. Although the \$200,000 would have been made up the next step down the line (that is, in the second draft), the deal fell related to budget, as did we. It was that

interest of negotiations, one in which the writer would get no much in retrospect. I am sure the money was irrelevant. George Hill conducts a negotiation as if it were a captain's visit on a military court-martial. That is one Warner's money and that his that would probably be paid some by the end of the point, some set by the compensation officer, not by the marketplace of the Elements Commitment. I find it an admirable trait, perhaps because I had the money in my budget of. As the Friday deadline approached, it was a total display of ego and hubris finally caused the negotiation to fall apart.

I want the return of galleys back to the Arts with a pole saving as money credit to be tight, several galleys were no more to be had. Ernest Ziegler could not believe the deal had fallen apart over \$200,000, nor could David Lewis. "Listen, I will give you everything that you want," a Warner executive whispered to me at about nine weeks later, "but I would never have a deal for the grand. George Hill would, and so would I." It is something perhaps only another man in the sea would understand.

There is no need to tell this story, no less than to be drawn. It is only the story of a deal, an ever-unending series of credits deal. Deals by credit, the center holds, more slowly to get then based upon the motion picture industry. Other deals are

made. George Hill would quickly to sign a new writer, Loring Mandel, who is not another Ernest Ziegler. The deal after the deal collapsed we secured by renegotiate a case of use of such grandeur—six books of Children Had Been 2024 and son of Diana Lake Bushbuck 2079—that I could the way merchant to ask a price. The 1975 Rossillon was \$80 a bottle, the 1976 Lake Bushbuck \$60 a bottle, the case was \$400, less a 10 percent case discount, which brought the price to \$720. The card accompanying the wine said only one word: George. I immediately sent a note to him at his apartment, who was only one word: Thanks.

The studio announced that the \$720 will not be based in the budget of *The Lullaby Dreamer* Girl, which would be a first in the history of the motion picture business. It is safe to assume, however, that if any of my conversations with George Hill over that weekend at December 1979 up to the screenplay, the \$720 will be a bargain. We then would have worked three days for approximately one twentieth of what we would have been paid per day under the deal George had offered. The deal that is that neither my wife nor I will ever be able to drink a single drop of the Blue Cross in the Lake Bushbuck. We both have my glasses, and we have a magazine reprint, from Literary Digest is the author of David Hill, Jr. and Tom Lubiano.

LEO PUGH
IN BARBADOS

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Inside Moves

The Business of Show Business

STEPHEN KING'S RANSOM

AFTER DOING FIVE ENORMOUSLY successful books with Viking, Stephen King is returning to his first book, *Doubtful*, to publish his next book, *Pet Semetary*. The big question is why King and his agent declined to contract, and his lawyer says that it's just because Doubtful likes the book and wants to publish it. His editors at both Viking and Doubtful say that he's falling old.



STEPHEN KING

commitments, and, according to our sources, "old commitments" just hints at the story.

What we've heard is that when King came to Doubtful as an unpublished writer, the contract they had laid sign (apparently for tax reasons) put a limit on his annual income. The excess money he made was held in escrow, and when King left Doubtful to go to Viking, that money was withheld from him.

There is supposedly quite a bit of it. As a reference, our sources say King agreed that Doubtful could have his next book if in exchange he could have the money owed him. As far as the terms of his Doubtful contracts, his present Doubtful editor, Sara Vaughan, says only, "There was a long-standing contractual relationship with Doubtful, and that is under that agreement." Says King's Viking editor, Ann Williams, "It's a single 'use-it-or-lose-it' business ransom. We haven't lost him, but we do have to mark time a bit."

Not too much time, the ever-petulant King has several more books in the works and Viking will get the next one.

Doubtful, scheduled to be published in less than a year. The paperback edition of the book will be published by Berkeley because of King's continuing loyalty to his first editor. Ed Thompson, now with Putnam, is with Thompson, like with Doubtful, who bought Casse and gave King his start. Thompson is also getting King's new short-story collection, which will come out in about two years. In the meantime, King will publish another book with Viking, called *IT*, probably in the spring of '82.

JIMMY CARTER WROTE HIMY NOT *He's Not* and Ronald Reagan wrote *How's the Rest of Me?* Senator Gary Hart has apparently retired, that editors get elected President. In *A New Democracy* is the first book written by a Presidential candidate in this election.

Well, perhaps none is too young a word. To produce the book, Hart hired two editors to organize, update, and rewrite position papers presented over the years by his Senate staff. "His staff attached the position papers out for the book" is the way a spokesman for William Morrow, the publisher, is explaining it. The senator's role, according to one of his aides, Kathy Bushkin, consisted of approving staff work and writing an introductory chapter. "He actually penned the first chapter. He only wrote that himself," Bushkin says.

To be fair, the book wasn't his idea; it was the brainchild of Morrow senior



GARY HART
looking for an editor

editor Mara Garmaschell, who says she was impressed by an article Hart set an aside wrote for *The New York Times Magazine*. "Publishing houses like to do this kind of book," she says. "I don't know that we expected to enter much

money on this one." On the other hand, should Hart jump to the front of the campaign race, Morrow stands to profit handsomely. And if Hart succeeds in his ploy to be the new mascot to college students, a title once filled by his mentor, Senator George McGovern, the book could be a surprising success.

THIRTEEN HIGH CONCEPTS

A FEW YEARS AGO A SCREENWRITER was pitching a movie idea to Don Simpson, then an executive at Paramount. Simpson encouraged the writer about his insiders into the story. "I'm gonna show you a picture," the executive announced. "Tell me if you don't think this is a great movie."



DON SIMPSON
producer and executive

Simpson held up an eleven-by-fourteen black and white glossy photograph of a sultry, spectacularly well-dressed Sally Travolta.

"Great," said the screenwriter. "It's a picture," said Simpson. "But I want you to look at it. And I want you to think about these two words while you look at it."

"Great," said the screenwriter. "Two words," said Simpson after a dramatic look. "American girls." The executive allowed the screenwriter to think about that for a good thirty seconds. Then he returned the picture to his desk and leaned back in his chair with the satisfied air of a man who has just told for the first time the story of *Gone with the Wind*.

One photograph and a title. In that enough to get a television movie or dramatic feature off the ground? Actually, it is more than enough—a title alone will often do the trick, according to Stu Sorenson, vice-president of motion pictures for ABC-TV. It "is to make something in which the audience can instantly relate to the protagonist and his conflict on an emotional level, rather than an intellectual level. If, through its title and supporting advertising copy, and sometimes the cast, you can communicate that protagonist's identity and his relationship

to the conflict, you have a High Concept movie."

Here is just a sample of the High Concept movie katasas in development.

- o *Two Guys from Now* (Universal) Screenplay by [Name]
- o *Just Before Dawn* (MGM/UA) A woman falls in love with her abductor.
- o *Peter Pan* (MGM/UA) A Francis Coppola production.
- o *The Day They Stole the Moon* (Lasker) (Disney) [Name]
- o *Baywatch* (Paramount) One man, two women.
- o *See Sawak* (Lantern) One woman, one man. Sort of.

Because "High Concept" refers to the kind of picture that can be described in one line in TV Guide, it should be no surprise that television has also latched on to the notion—most conspicuously in the made-for-TV movie. Here are some High Concept projects you may soon see on television.

- o *Clayey Rio Six Weeks* (ABC-TV) "What if," explains the producer, "a young woman decided to live herself off as a wife to a number of husbands?"
- o *Isle of ABCs* (ABC-TV) A working stench hand gets caught in a high school world of male modeling.
- o *Novara* (ABC-TV) The story of a man and a woman who fall in love with each other through their own lies.
- o *Father Henry's Confession* (ABC-TV) Three guesses and the first two don't count. Based on a true story.
- o *Witness of Sin* (NBC-TV) [Name]
- o *The Girl and the Rogue* (ABC-TV) Obviously [Name]
- o *CRS* (ABC-TV) Has a lower-concept, but still a name class.

JOHN HEDGECOCK is writing *Albert Finney as the Pope*.

A Legend & a Love (NBC-TV) In development: A super High Concept.

HYPPING KING SUNNY

KING SUNNY AKA IS NIGERIA'S biggest star since. Ever since last summer, when he toured America to promote his first U.S. release, *Java African*, he has also been accumulating an unusually large American cult following. Whether he can convert that cult status to popularity depends largely on the success of *Synthesia* System, the album he released last June.

King Sunny, an actual Nigerian prince, was "discovered" by a French keyboardist named Martin Messiauer, who was touring in Nigeria. When Messiauer returned to Europe, he happened to meet with Island Records' European owner, Chris Blackwell, in Paris, and Blackwell signed the King. It was a lucky meeting; Island had been

largely responsible for starting the reggae wave in the states, and they knew how to break in a Third World band. Because they were sure that no radio station, white or black, would play the record, the first thing they did was arrange for King Sunny to tour.

He did, and the tour sold out almost everywhere, but it made very little money because promoters were charged only one thousand dollars a show to carry the expenses over head (the fee for investment, the promoter collected a large portion of the box-office receipts). Still, Island didn't care how much money



KING SUNNY
music maverick

the tour brought in the purpose was to lay exposure. The trick was to establish King Sunny as the hip thing, and it worked. Island's Margo label sold seventy thousand copies of *Java African*—a huge sale under the circumstances.

Now King Sunny managed to sell out his first leg of a tour to with the people black quartet, a select group of New York critics who seized the chance to hype King Sunny as the real McCoy—at least as compared with white performers like the Talking Heads and Peter Gabriel, who for several years have incorporated African rhythms into their music. From there it was the old Tinker to Evers to Chance, or in this case, from Robert Palmer of *The New York Times* to Robert Christgau at *The Village Voice* to *Rolling Stone* and the *newsmagazine*.

The King Sunny people heralded their new discovery cautiously. Though Messiauer had actually played keyboards on the album, he declined to play on the tour, apparently afraid his white face would dilute the novel impact of this system man from Africa. Roger Steffens, national director of reggae and African music for Island Records, says that "the first year of every decade often points the way. In the Sixties, it was the Beatles. Maybe it'd be the troupe *Synthesia*, and I think King Sunny will be the artist of the Eighties."

But King Sunny, named after Messiauer, may perhaps have other African, Doubling his chances, the enterprising Freedman recently signed another Nigerian man named Cherey Obay for an American record deal.

THE "SCTV" SHUFFLE

WHEN SUMMER REKURS RUN out, SCTV will leave NBC. NBC wanted it that way, but made several alternate offers to executive producer Andrew Alexander to try to keep the *Second City* gang with the network.

First they offered the troupe the opportunity to convert their catalog of produced shows into a summer-replacement series of eight half-hour programs. Alexander made that, along with an offer for the gang to do a co-brand special for next season. NBC next offered the company a deal to develop a standard sitcom pilot, which Alexander still holds as a remote possibility. Finally the network offered the 2-00 p.m. Sunday slot, competing with 60 Minutes. SCTV politely declined.

What the troupe wanted most was to alternate with *Saturday Night Live* in the 11:30 p.m. slot. SCTV costs almost



ANDREW ALEXANDER
what he expects

\$250,000 less per show than *SNL* to put on, but *SCTV* is produced by NBC itself and *SNL* is not, therefore NBC has a larger profit stake in keeping *SCTV* on the air. All of which led to SCTV and NBC, two partners who could use each other, staggered. HBO's Conners family was SCTV offering to pay the troupe \$300,000 per show—which could be quite a bargain if Steven Seagal and Gong Fu Panda, two summer success stories, members of the SCTV family, enter the already loyal cadre of *Saturday* devotees.

—Byronyia Loo-Rice, John Hankiewicz, John Niswold, and Mark Funky

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Hello, Umpqua

by Peter W. Kaplan

MANY OF US WHO TURN ON TELEVISION LIKE A WATER SPOUT FORGET THAT AROUND THIS COUNTRY A GREAT MANY PLACES GET NO TV. LITTLE TOWNS ON PLAINS, HIDDEN BEHIND HIGH MOUNTAINS, FAR AWAY FROM THE NETWORKS' REACH, HAVE FOR YEARS BEEN deprived of their chance to find out what the rest of civilization is up to. Even the vast television has merely treated them: no cables come crawling to their doorsteps, no satellite signals dropped down their chimneys. But that's true no longer. At the beginning of this decade low-power television came, cutting and with it a little revolution that sees stations growing like carrot patches around America.

So help to Umpqua, Oregon, Hello, Umpqua. Can you read us? Five years ago Umpqua had only one TV station, and then the FCC wrote new rules in 1980 and stations who showed financial security could now build stations that would broadcast within a ten- to thirty-mile radius and put whatever they wanted on the air. Allowing television stations to operate on such a small scale was a solution to serve the Umpqua, where the costs of running a higher-frequency station were greater than their advertising revenue could ever have brought in. As the realizations of that decision have been airing in, it has suddenly occurred to small towns everywhere that having their own television stations just might be, as they say in the big cities, feasible.

"We were at a town's Club meeting," says Dave Patena, the chairman of Channel 2, KJAE, which broadcasts to Umpqua from an eight-hundred-foot-top atop Mount Nibs in Roseburg, Oregon. "My partner, Jerry Colombo, and I heard this local guy give a pitch on these things. I kind of grabbed Jerry's arm, and said that sounded pretty good, and we had an application drawn up for us, and we waited and waited, and I'll be if we didn't finally get a couple of construction permits from the FCC to build a couple of stations."

These licenses did not just drop into the Umpqua man's lap. Low-power TV, which has been a possibility for years, wasn't even formally proposed until 1980, and then the fight between the FCC and the networks was on. The networks lobbied hard, fearful that another kind of competi-

tion was going to whisk around the country—spanning, like cable, not, in hundreds of places, knocking against their own affiliates for advertising and audience. Finally last year when a reform-minded FCC passed the law to allow licensing, they did it with a vengeance: the restrictions on low-power stations were practically nil—the stations could put whatever they wanted on the air, when they wanted, and one owner would be allowed to buy in many stations as he or she could afford.

For many years, Umpqua had only one signal beaming it—Channel 4, Icon Roseburg, an NBC affiliate that, like some other NBC affiliates around the country, had been nibbled by and subsequently turned over to another network, CBS. Nevertheless, Umpqua wanted a second picture: they wanted old NBC back, which NBC—loath to get into the area on the UHF signal—refused to give them. With their new license Columbia and Patena would get to put a second picture in the area, and maybe, they thought it first, they wouldn't need NBC. Former aerospace engineers, they put in about fifty thousand dollars of their own money and borrowed the rest of the three hundred thousand dollars for first-year running costs. They built a little station facility and rented space on a tower, and in January 1983 they were on the air.

"The thing," says Molly Price of the FCC, who wrote the low-power rules, "nobody knows whether anybody can make money with these things. The best part about them, the most delicate part, is that they allow for original programming. If those stations are going to become the country newspapers of the future, they're going to have to create programming. That's expensive. And nobody knows whether these rural areas can support it."

"That's part of why we wanted NBC to come in and let us have their signal," says Dave Patena, who, soon after building the station, was lured to move his pals to the network. "If we have to fill a full day of programming on our own, that costs money, our money. If we'd gotten NBC, it would have been a free signal and we could get on whatever else we wanted." But NBC, already in third place at least partially because of the affiliates lost during Ford's Stewart's reign as network president, was not about to outgrow what stations it still had by doing business with these little upstarts. At the moment, very few low-power television stations are supplied with network programming.

"Well, there are other business settings up to service us," says Patena. "There's a plenty of stuff we can take off the Satellite Programming Network, we get some good ladies programs, and some good fishing and hunting programs. And that we get Independent Network News, which is a five news program. We made a deal with Twentieth Century-Fox and bought a movie package from them. For thirteen hundred dollars a month over a four-year period we get some pretty good pictures, including some with Clark Gable and some *Planet of the Apes*. The only thing is,

if we keep showing them two nights a week, we'll use all our play rights in one month.

"Now the Orson family out in Utah [that's the singing Orsons, who have become very clever entrepreneurs] is helping JFD [television network] put together a satellite package for stations like ours that we can pull down, but that'll cost thirty-five hundred dollars a month, and if we took that and added it onto our staff costs and overhead, why, that would be over the spending about fifteen thousand dollars a month



on the station—and that's without organizing any programming, which is what we want to do most. So that means we've got to do all our advertising. Well, now, and the last month we booked about thirty-five hundred dollars' worth of ads, and this month we're hoping to get five thousand dollars, and the month after, our projections says seven to eight thousand dollars. Now, that may sound like we've got a ways to go, and we do, but listen to this:

"We went over to Unipack Community College, and we set up something called a Wrestling Country Contest—it's a country-singer thing. We brought three country acts, and I'll tell you, it looked real professional. We booked that one show sold with six hundred dollars for that one and we're hoping for three hundred dollars for the next one. It's a rolling the dice, it's a risk, and the general broadcasters are telling advertisers, you better not play with the new guys on the street. But I'll tell you:

"We're going to be starting with some local news on the air, and then we're going to broadcast some of the local school-age games and community events, and some things transcommunity groups like Parents Against Drugs and then a high school class around new products show about alcoholism, which they put as competitions with a lot of other public-service programs for the state, and they won, and that made us pretty happy. I'm sure we really haven't be put

to scratch the potential. We're charging about twelve dollars for a thirty-second spot in prime time, but next month when the FCC lets us raise our ratings and our local or broadcast rates, we're going to twenty dollars.

"Right now, we have no way of knowing how many people are watching Channel 33. Thirty-one," says Putnam. "But I've seen an aerial lot of UHF stations going up in towns, and the Radio Shack says they can't keep them stocked, and oh, a Thriller took us all on the air, and the way next day she got four quotes and addresses. But I'll just ask you: did you see Grand Tracker why he won't air on here or NBC again?"

NBC says they're considering it, that they have already made some organizing surveys of the area, but it's essentially still a stalled endeavor. The networks aren't particularly interested in securing even semi-regular local programming anymore. When low power was first proposed, they acted as though they thought was a natural second. "One of our ad reps... he was going around trying to get regional advertising," says Putnam, "and all of a sudden he started getting a lot of programs from the general stations. If you represent those guys, forget about us, kind of thing. Make us your water." Nevertheless, Channel 33 went on the air, and so did a lot of other stations around the country.

Though each of these stations is strag-

gling to survive, each also has, for the moment, its independence. For some forty years we've taken network programming as a given. And just in the last few years things have begun to change. Cable has taken some of the network's middle-class, independent stations have taken a even more, and low power is the new variation on bringing in television for churches. Crackpot-based TV may not survive, but if my local programming does blossom from it, a core progressive television. A J. LaRocca says on the afternoon that "freedom of the press belongs to those who own one," and low power can give more people that freedom. Media haven't come cheaply in the country since William Allen White bought the Emporia Gazette on nine thousand borrowed dollars in 1935, and turned it into a great and lively vehicle for opinion. Nobody's going to buy into television—even low power—for those thousand dollars or thirty thousand dollars. If it's more like those hundred thousand, but low-power TV will bring more faces and voices and distinctive budgets, and consider what else is going out, even fresh test patterns could't hurt. So we ought to give people every chance to take a shot. Perhaps, if we're lucky, there's a William Allen White among them, getting ready to broadcast an Unipack Gazette of the air.

THOMAS Y. BARNES is a regular contributor to *Esquire*.

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The Trip Trap

by Alan Pust

I HAVE A FRIEND WHO WORKS FOR A BANK. THE OTHER DAY HE GOT SOMETHING HE'S WANTED—AND WORKED IT HARD TO GET—FOR THE LAST EIGHT YEARS: A PROMOTION TO THE INTERNATIONAL DIVISION. WHICH HEADQUARTERS IN LONDON. THE BANK'S PRESS

relates people asked him for a photo as they could send a release to the local papers. That got him huffing around in a neglected dresser drawer. His came across a man's envelope full strange to him, soft and pliable—definitely not paper. So he opened it up, and there was his old passport. A woman had laid out all of his gear—just about the time he finished sculpting a recent (less very the material)—and neither had wanted to just throw the thing away, so he had and all, though it was a damn fine built-up frame of hers, he said, stated briefly at it for a moment, and then, in a voice utterly disconcerted and cold, said "Kok."

My banking friend's connection with his past eyes has been so recent. Recently, there were LSD books being put out on the market: the *Psychedelic Encyclopedia* (first issued in the Seventies), by Peter Stafford, with a foreword by Andrew West; *LSD: My Problem Child*, by Albert Hofmann, the Swiss chemist who discovered LSD; and *Flashbacks*, Timothy Leary's autobiography, which, if somewhat out of date, all are published by J.P. Tarcher in Los Angeles and distributed by Bantam in New York. Makes you wonder, doesn't it? Are these books late—a few last words, uttered by distance and objectivity, some a time gone by? Or—oh, indeed—are they early? Why do I have the queer feeling that some cultural band playing out there just behind the words (which, remember, only a quarter century have passed since the Woodstock/Altamont extravaganza of 1969, which would seem to make the notion of excessive profanity, but in an accelerated culture I suppose anything is possible).

Psychologists begin to give us these information catalogs that admit just what is findable. There's a 1963 photograph of Aldous Huxley. According to the caption, he has suggested his headed colleagues of medicine subtle and in going out on Lon Angeles from the Hollywood Hills. Free-

the look on his face—certain fascination, like a Tibetan lama experiencing his first taste of pasta—you can practically hear the "doors of perception" creaking open. There's a discussion of the ancient Greek mystic practiced on the temple of Eleusis so that states that a whole's who of the classical world—Aristotle, Sappho, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Plautus, maybe Seneca, and the emperor Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius—if got high. Perhaps they did, but my problem with such statements (and with all those arguments proving that drug culture is really terrible, boring and dignified) is that I am unable to resist the accompanying visuals. All I can see are Plato, Aristotle, and Sappho, standing around the kitchen like at night contemplating with melancholy expressions an empty pizza! better guy. As a practical guide the encyclopedia is dated

psychologists are paid a hundred Twenty-five bucks an hour to listen to that stuff. Allen Ald, Professor's word reading to the extent you ever wondered what a shaman and trip might be like. Well, there's his book, and the last scene is...

Last Friday, April 30, 1982, I was kind to interview my work on the blue story in the middle of the afternoon and passed home, being affected by a remarkable hallucination, combined with a slight dizziness. As home I lay down and read into a not unpleasant unusual line condition, characterized by an extremely sensitive imagination. In a drowsy state, with my eyes closed I heard the flights to be unpleasantly alarmed. I went into an uncontrolled stream of fantastic pictures, sometimes sleep with intense, kaleidoscope play of colors. After some two hours this condition left me...

...it's just exactly what you thought it would be.

By the time I got to my room and settling we weren't the greatest. The Staffed and Hoffman books brought back a lot of old stuff I hadn't thought about in years—the breathless, faintly paroled phrase out of those days, bygone days. "Robert and I make me definitely coming, we'll drop about nine so we can catch the sunrise, bring the new friend along, maybe some oranges, and a few nuts of each just in case."

In the thoses of autophobias—an irrational dread of the Selfes—I tend to remember the words of it. All the tie-dying and God's-eye and those moments when the girls in long dresses run across the thousand fields to embrace the boys, with the flowing hair, Colored rhetoric, gaga metaphysics, glib glosses to it, was the Skobes, a real roller coaster of a crowd. What I expected Flashbacks to have in store for me was a good dose of drug bookness, and



COSMETIC SURGERY

A ONE-ACT PLAY ENDING
THE PROBLEM IS BOUNCE MORE
IMPORTANT, OR LUSTER?

by Paul Rudnick

Time: 10:00 P.M.

Place: The ladies' room of a fashionable downtown restaurant. There are sinks, stalls, and a mirror on the fourth wall. Seating is provided.

FRANCESCA enters, staring in a funk, one shoulder black from a tie-dye piece of jewelry, (blamed by ALDEN, an impeccably dilapidated bar, and ELSA, a great beauty on a leather miniskirt, high heels, and a plucky wig on top.)

FRANCESCA (to mirror, assuming a bottle of champagne): Come on, Elsa, outsize right of her reflection in the mirror, shatter her head from side to side, and start playing with her hair!

ALDEN (Entering): Hello! (He rubs his red-tinted joints, staring in the mirror of a European male model.)
Gosh.

ELSA (Entering, flipping her hair nonchalantly off her face and growling): I mean, who is that bitch?

FRANCESCA: What?

ALDEN: At the bar.

ELSA: What a whore.

ALDEN: Que nada. Those jeans.

ELSA: Pressed here. Who let her in?

FRANCESCA: It's a restaurant.

ELSA: But it's a private party. She's in a public.

FRANCESCA (Examining her hair): What a wreck, Elsa, do you have a brush?

ELSA: Well, I'd do it. (She stands behind FRANCESCA and starts combing her hair, and three characters will spend the play looking in the mirror, making up and peering.)

ELSA has brought an orange bag, which yields out quantities of cosmetics. (Put your hand back. Have you been to Greece?)

FRANCESCA: Why?

ELSA: The streaks? Creamable. To die.

Jesus wept.

FRANCESCA: Why?

ELSA: The streaks? Creamable. To die.

Jesus wept.

FRANCESCA: Why?

ELSA: The streaks? Creamable. To die.

Jesus wept.

ALDEN: There's a question, which is more important—bounce or luster?

FRANCESCA: Sure.

ELSA: Masculinity.

(There is general agreement.)

ALDEN: Do you prefer conditioner?

ELSA: Darling, you have to. Otherwise

a baldy up and you get shaft baldy.

I knew this model in Paris, she fell

from it. She used the same conditioner

for two whole months, thing

rummy, and it built up, and then Lar-

more looked at her and said, "Wow,

what is that on your head? Lustrant"

and she lected. The service was at

Chartres, she was a great model.

ALDEN: You know who I love—the

realize of

FRANCESCA: Oh, puke.

ELSA: Assolate.

ALDEN: I mean, attitude, like all the big

stars carry camera, and the boy-

friends—

ELSA: And the boyfriend's paintings

over the bar, I love perfume.

ALDEN: Darling, I'm an artist. Without

paintings, we'd have no record of what

were obviously The New Yorker

covers of previous cultures.

FRANCESCA: I've got to tell my shrink.

ELSA (to FRANCESCA's hair): Darling,

I'm doing my best.

FRANCESCA: Me, it's that woman at

the opera, some friend of Mummy's,

to a table, I'm not to space, and she

says she just loves what Mummy's

done to the dupes, and she said some

Mummy at the Union Club, and aren't

I just the image, except in the lips.



and I just threw at ALLEN: Of course. FRANCISCA: No, I really threw up, all over his shoulder, who's so attractive, and he was sitting there with this gig on his knee, and I didn't know what to do, I just looked up at him and said, "I hate 'Emacs'!" [She has already said she plays by his phone.] Hello, Dr. Avo!

ELSA: Dr. Avo—see if you can call your streak by her first name: there's no tattoos, it's all just fat.

ALLEN: Her hair looks fabulous. FRANCISCA: It's the answer. I was fighting with Eliza, right? I meant we were like separated, and we both got things, and it was fine.

ALLEN: Really? FRANCISCA: Oh, and I have to tell you, Garrett Writing, huh? Yes.

ALLEN: I adore him, why? FRANCISCA: He says your sketch of Jennifer makes her look like a lesbian.

ALLEN: She is a lesbian.

ELSA: Of course, but they've only been married a year. He thinks she's just outgoing.

ALLEN: I'm sorry, I was in a hurry. FRANCISCA: [Whispering up] Why? ALLEN: My apartment was robbed.

FRANCISCA: Quelle non? ALLEN: Quelle non, I was at the horrible screaming, Keaton's docu-thang, I

mean, creepier of young adults, and I was called to the phone, right? And I was saying, that tells me that I should have been a beautiful girl, and that some jankin' book is stilled, cry-baby, and made it into a page-filler. Well, I get more and it looks just the way I left it. I mean, why couldn't I have been robbed by a nice, handsome black woman, at least the place would be clean.

FRANCISCA: I adore Neqicos. ALLEN: They are apocal. They can get away with anything. I saw this guy on the street in L.A., like, some pretentious, double-breasted guy with one leg rilled up, a T-shirt with an iron-on that said sex on wheels, sex, first 100000000, Dis-Go-people to top mistakes and a crest set in his hair. And I worked. I was gonna.

ELSA: Robitans. What did Dr. Avo say? FRANCISCA: She said I was for real. Manny should be locked up and to avoid trauma I should talk about the trauma constant. There are and said that I can take two of these and a half of this if I encounter stress.

ELSA: [Tearing two pills from FRANCISCA's hand and swallowing them.] Straw? Drinking, did you see our waiter? How is this guy?

ALLEN: Heaven.

FRANCISCA: I'll eat that eye. ELISA: It is a great eye. Strana Corcoran told me I had eyes like a Mervein looking at an actor married to a doctor, and he showed me a picture of David and Alexa, and they see to be I get some and need to work on Eliza's people with the museum stuff and a little, shudon, but the vid says he'll go down.

FRANCISCA: How do blind people do their lives? ELISA: Like Joyce Harmon.

[All stare.]

ALLEN: Stop. I mean be shy to be blind. I mean no color, no otherwise, you'd be reduced to texture. Imagine—no a blind person, a raw-walk through street with a cane.

FRANCISCA: It might be a heat. He, I'm blind.

ALLEN: How you ever met a mate? I mean and no, not just someone who didn't enrage?

FRANCISCA: Let you imagine? ELISA: Nanan takes a cover of a woman.

ALLEN: Now, I thought about that Total vision—except for the phone, they do let me use the phone, don't they? ELISA: Oh-ah! Sorry, Charlie.

ALLEN: Not in my family. When I was blind, my mother saw the electrical cord and shrieked, "It's for me!" She kept trying to talk into my ear until the nurse pulled her.

FRANCISCA: What do rats have to say against? I mean, who do they know? To be sure, I'm being mean, Manny's pissed at me.

ELSA: Why? FRANCISCA: She thinks I stink with Strana.

ELSA: Why don't she think that? FRANCISCA: I don't know. 'Cause he told her, I guess.

ALLEN: Why did he tell her? FRANCISCA: I don't know, maybe because he did, he's such a nut.

ELSA: What's your secret with your twelve-year-old lesbian?

ALLEN: Why? FRANCISCA: He was driving me mad. I was staying with her while Manny was in jail, and all right, long, I meant, all he does is, you know, masturbate. And there I was in the next room and there's nothing on cable and I'm trying to think about my life and all I hear is this twelve-year-old moaning over some sixth-grade cartoon with an overbite. So I went in and said enough already with the overbite and he looked so hurt. And it was really terribly weird, he wanted a story about my life, Manny.

ELSA: You're as much FRANCISCA: What's his brother, I

basely know her. ELISA: Now, taking live into TV. FRANCISCA: Anyway, so for paraborn Manny's anniversary, my trust and I have to go see Nass-once a month, who sits there in her perfect little tent and says, "And what are you doing with your life, dear?" And I said, "Well, in the past six months I've had two abortions, three cops, and discovered a great new Strana place below Canal, what are you talking about? Does anyone have a theory?"

ELSA: Don't worry. Eliza paid me today. ALLEN: He put you, darling? For what? ELISA: For the week, I said, Eliza, if I go out one more time without a peak-leaky anniversary, I'm going to tell eight nannies, bare your ass. [She hands her money to FRANCISCA.]

FRANCISCA: Angel! FRANCISCA: Can I have some? Please? A few, just a lousy five, I'll take you charging.

ELSA: Where? ALLEN: Wherever. I'm an authorized shopper on my parents' MasterCard. License to kill.

ELSA: What do they say when they get the bill? ALLEN: Nothing. And if they complain, I threaten to tell them about any sex life.

FRANCISCA: We'll all go! I'll return Manny's shoes at Bergdorf's—I stopped a pair and my purse for cash money.

ALLEN: You know what Eliza? Old people. ELSA: The lowest.

ALLEN: I hate it when they like, walk in front of you, or when they're at the check-out with, like, two pizzas, coming out patting, I just want to say, "Shower, you're not my dad, and I want a fight, but you know they'd, like, break a hip. That's so easy. How can you tell if you have any teeth? I mean, do you have to go to a doctor or can you just peek on something and it changes color?"

ELSA: No, stupid, and it's with somebody and then make them go to the doctor.

FRANCISCA: Do you have it? ALLEN: I don't know, somebody left a message with my doctor, right, that, huh?

ELSA: The clear darkness is very hot. Great sound system.

FRANCISCA: Mervic, you should just know well enough alone. It's sort of generous, you could, uh.

ELSA: See—who has taste? ALLEN: I heard that what's his name, Merv's friend, he's a neoclassical.

ELSA: Darling, with the paintings in this city museum, who isn't?

FRANCISCA: Where are the most? Last night I was with Sigmund and I tried to fantasize about someone else, and all I kept coming up with was a new Agatha Christie.

ALLEN: You're such children. No sense

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BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

POISON WATERS

As New Orleansians discovered, what comes out of the tap may not be as safe as you think

MOST DAYS the tap water in New Orleans tastes all right. It has the serviceable lack of flavor and the flat, anaerobic chemical character that you expect to meet from municipal drinking water. You drink a glass of it and think gratefully that it isn't anything else in the water—and nothing poisonous, either.

That's, you think, but you are a visitor to New Orleans. Many visitors are not so sure. They have grown up on the city water and as instead drinking bottled spring water from across the Appalachians. Bottled water is a big enough business in the city that you can have it delivered to your doorstep, a service that will cost the average couple about \$600 a year.

The demand for bottled water comes in part from simple tradition. Some visitors have always thought that the stuff that comes out of the ground north of New Orleans at what is called the Ozark Belt is somehow healthier than the city water, which comes from the Mississippi River. The city does have a French ancestry, and the French have always believed that Vichy and Pinerot and the other bottled waters they make so much of have healing powers.

But the evidence on bottled water is much more than a century-old. The tap water in New Orleans does not always have that neutral, anaerobic taste. There are days when the water is carrying excessive contamination, and a glass of water tastes more like a little acetone than. It smells unpleasantly strong and visits you thinking about just how bad the stuff must have been before it was treated. And should you see first just a little further, contemplating your glass in Hanoi, die the skulls, you will wonder about the things that you can't taste and that might be due to any treatment—or that nobody even knows are there. That is which, if you are a native, you will pick up the phone and call Ozark Spring Water about home delivery. Or when, if you are a tourist, you will start asking at restaurants whether the water is bottled or



tap, looking to see if you are in Mexico and wondering if the glass is any okay.

Now, the taste of water is one thing, and the matter of what it does to your health is another. You drink water from streams, it is used for this, and I could see little organic green things swimming in it. I dropped in some iodine, gave five samples, and drank gratefully. But if I lived in New Orleans, I'd buy my water from Ozark Spring Water. The tap water is risky, and there are enough risks in this world without adding that one.

The short-run (and most dramatic) risk that you run drinking the city water is that some chemical company might find a convenient system run. It requires the law for them to do that, but one of them might do it anyway if the people in charge of the company thought they had no choice. You could be considered paranoid for thinking that way in some places, but not in New Orleans.

Canada: Two years ago, a Georgia-Pacific plant near Baton Rouge dumped twenty-

one tons of plastic into the Mississippi. The chemicals wound up, of course, downriver in the drinking water of New Orleans. They were discovered because you can taste and smell them. Technicians at the city water system noticed the smell, ran some tests, and were able to add some extra filtering apparatus to the treatment process. The problem was contained, although some people had drunk contaminated water.

Georgia-Pacific at first denied all responsibility for the contamination, eventually they claimed that it was an accident, although they had made no effort to report the "accidental" spill. This struck many New Orleansers as ridiculous. Accidents do happen, but you ought at least to say "Look out" when you drop a flowerpot from your window and there are people on the sidewalk below. Investors usually followed and, under pressure, the company owned up and paid a \$25,000 fine.

This incident gives you several things to think about. First, what if Georgia-Pacific had dumped something dangerous that did not have a palatable taste or smell? It probably would have gone straight into the water system and out of taps all over the city. This is why we would have suspected its position. If they were short-term and immediate, people all over the city would have gotten sick or died, and the poisons could have been traced, at the plants water, there would have been lawsuits and criminal proceedings.

You have to wonder if there isn't some way to protect the people downriver from this sort of thing. After all, there are more than a hundred petrochemical plants on the Mississippi between New Orleans and Baton Rouge. What about enforcing the rules that do exist and punishing violators? Those hundred thousand is a pretty stiff fine, but the process of corporate arrangements and financing is that every stock is buffered—spread over decades or different accounting years, taken as a

deduction, and passed on to customers.

The Georgia-Pacific plant was dumping waste into the Mississippi river under permits issued by the Environmental Protection Agency and the state. The permits specify in detail to monitor the amount of any dangerous substance being dumped at any specific point and to ensure that dumping is kept within tolerable limits. Georgia-Pacific clearly violated the conditions of its permits. It's not uncommon for companies to update deliberately the terms of their discharge permits, over up, and pay the fees as just another cost of doing business—one that's less expensive than installing equipment to clean up waste material before it is turned loose on the environment. So production costs are higher, and the environment is polluted. Presumably the government could sue the money from the fines to clean up the mess, but a cleanup is difficult once the contaminants are dispersed. The people who live in the contaminated area pay a second cost. A few, perhaps, will even die.

The way I see it, Georgia-Pacific should have lost its permits. Consider the analogy to drunk driving: you suspect the drunk driver's license is bad, but right since it is less compelling than the public's right to safe highways. Five-centimeter sockets would argue that lifting a motorist's permit would cause companies' customer loyalty and put innocent people out of work. They prefer the system of air stations and consultants and fines levied by State Medical Boards, who merely designed as head of the EPA.

The economic arguments fall down, I think, for several reasons. In the first place, this is not an either/or question. You do not have to choose between live enterprise and the environment. Environmentalists are not a bunch of Paranormal Scouts out to undermine the railroad. But live enterprise does need rules, regularly enforced. Every public pays the same cost for a stall in the public marketplace and the state: toll for using the public roads. Why should Georgia-Pacific act as a sole competitive advantage over corporations that obey the system's general rules?

Put the permit you can leave the corporate spokesperson say, and the plant will have to close down and people will be out of work. Not necessarily true. The offending company would not be allowed to run the plant anymore, but another company,



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THERE ARE FEW STUDIES ON THE LINK BETWEEN CANCER AND THE CITY'S WATER—BUT INDUSTRY CONTROLS MOST OF THE STATE ORGANIZATIONS THAT SUBSIDIZE SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

one that played by the rules, could, for the most part, be ignored. The people who work at a waste site are not a convicted drunk driver made worse by all his automobiles, the CEO could avoid his plant. If his CEO were a true free-market man, this is what he would do—and then the stockholders could sue him.

Furthermore, there are real costs of pollution that the polluters don't bear. It costs New Orleans something to monitor the water to make sure more people don't come from Louisiana. And cancer costs so much that you dread thinking about the expense of the disease almost as much as you dread thinking about the disease itself. In New Orleans the case of incidence of certain cancers in certain population groups—bladder cancer in white males, for example—is significantly higher than the national average. Few studies have been conducted on the link between these cancers and the city's drinking water—which is not surprising, since industry controls almost all the state agencies that subsidize scientific research. But New Orleansans fear that there is a link—that their tap water causes cancer. And that is the last of the EPA.

The EPA's failure is more fundamental than just diverting its like pollution's germs. It goes to the nature of the system, in the way the EPA classifies toxics and determines how much of any substance is safe either going into a river as discharge or coming out of a drinking water. New Orleansans are understandably angry with a system that is so wrong that it is so wrong that they feel they are, either alone or in combination with other chemicals. As a result of a lawsuit filed by the National Resources Defense Council, the agency has been ordered a court order for three years now to test or give good reason for not testing a specific list of chemicals suspected of toxicity. But the EPA claims that research conducted on these chemicals by industry uses the most toxic health risk calculations for testing many medicines, pesticides, dyes, like all regulatory agencies, the EPA seems more protective of the interests of a charged with regulating that it is of the consumer.) So the pesticide goes into the water, dumped largely (since what is not forbidden is allowed) by companies with EPA permits. They are obeying the law while the government agency that is supposed to be regulating them is failing to be up to the job.

There are other problems with water because of the discharge from petrochemical plants. The Mississippi is probably the most heavily traveled commercial waterway in the world, and what ships, boats, and barges put into the river is very locally and diffusely distributed. Alcohols, pesticides run off into the river and its tributaries in vast quantities, and dispersal of this contamination is not required.

Many people assume that while what goes into the rivers may be dangerous, what comes out is not—that water can simply be made safe. But federal drinking water standards, like discharge standards, are, in the words of one expert, "a joke. All that is required is that you don't die over and die on the way to drinking the stuff." In fact, the EPA does regulate the presence of about twenty chemicals in drinking water, but, as a spokesperson for the National Resources Defense Council put it, "there are no standards for the chemicals found in every public water system."

So the City of New Orleans and the State of Louisiana are trying to write regulations for drinking water while the federal government, with all its resources, stands by its toes. But Louisiana doesn't say that to the new director in Arkansas who speaks with 24-7. All what goes into the Red River and then the Mississippi, nor to the utility in Petaluma that pours its waste into the Glines. Nor to the large captain who goes down the Louisiana Waterway and decides to dump a tankful of watered diesel fuel into the river. People in Louisiana can either drink their water raw, does it up (which is often subsidizes the pollution), or not drink it at all. So George Springer, director of the EPA.

New Orleans is, admittedly, an extreme example—of everything. That is why people love it. Given the city's character, it's not surprising that it has tried to get by on water from the last end of a river that drains one eighth of North America. New Orleansans drink water from the western slopes of the Rockies, the western slopes of the Alleghenies, and the southern shores of the Great Lakes. New Orleans probably shouldn't exist at all. It is a city that has been built and its structure fixed in an ordinary manner. It suffered a devastating military occupation during the Civil War and the rule of a selfish, Neapolitan incompetent named Ben Butler. It has always been a city of epidemics, especially of yellow fever in the last century, and even today you could pick up malaria in its outposts.

Unusual as New Orleans may be, there are warnings for all of us in its experience with its drinking water. You wonder why they are not on that other city built in the first few decades of the American west, the one called the Plague. **GEORGE SPRINGER** is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

HIGH LIFE

BY TAKI

ENDING BLISS

It's easy to forget the answer when the question is happiness

LIKE MOST people, I am not sure what happiness is. It is obviously harder to attain than pain isn't, but pain, as you know, is not consumable.

Although people have been trying to define and capture happiness since the dawn of time, it hasn't managed to come up with anything more original or less prosaic than, say, "Happiness is a state of mind." People do it all the time, used to it—speak vaguely about happiness. In fact, it was almost a taboo subject. John Stuart Mill wrote that if you ask yourself whether you are happy, you will cease to be so. I believe that and that the entire happiness race isn't only one thing, several. Mine, especially Western Christians, was made out of heaven, used to be good for him and got him closer to God. Religion and happiness were somewhat confused, and when among us did not remember a parent or ancestor telling us that this generation had made progress in that respect about the other two.

However hard it might be for anyone under forty years of age to envision a world without how-to books, there was a time when writers, instead of trying to lead us by the hand to the happy, were troubled with higher thoughts, and slightly more profound subjects. Take for example the classics. Their strategy was devious: They painted out what brings on unhappiness and how people get trapped; how greed, how power, how love can occur, and how to bring about one's downfall and ruin. However, unlike some modern-day finalists now, the classics didn't define or try to show us the way to happiness.

Trying to define happiness seems to be a little paradoxical, but it is not. It is not like Lady Luck. Which happiness resembles She (happiness) is oblique, ephemeral, elusive, and, like Lady Luck, unpredictable and a tease. She often withdraws her foot from the stomach of her sitarists and then she is disarming again. Two-business doesn't mean happiness to me. In quite Wallace Stevens, "that an omnipotence I still feel the need of some apprehensible bliss." As the good Marx, Goodbye, would have



ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN COOPER

said, I couldn't have put a better myself. Personally, I lay a small part of the blame for America's obsessive search for happiness on the Founding Fathers. Despite their noble intentions, it was they who chose to change the wording in the original version of the Declaration of Independence from the right to "Life, Liberty and Property" to the right to "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." It is curious that amid change in the Declaration of Independence has been taken up by everybody with an American passport, or even a green card. The phrase *Great Gatsby* of happiness has become the great American obsession.

Once upon a time there were true happiness meant achieving the American Dream. Then, one day, the locus in the country, even the yard of one was greenly. In retrospect, it wasn't such a bad thing. At least it kept things simple. But at some point it became taboo to pursue material things. Mind you, material things are so important as ever, especially to those who advise us to keep them for a deeper understanding of life. Everyone still scribbles up the preciosity, except that once on top, an obligatory accuracy said in and one gets atoms the good of the devil. It is the trickest of new words, and to prevent it, a whole industry of therapists, gurus, and books has sprung up and is doing a brisk business. In fact, we have finally reached a state of such serious

quasi-asse-opper. People out there looked the way people once used to look: *giddy* happiness. I saw a few jiggers, and I guess there were some writers in the ballrooms, but the bulk of the people seemed happy, healthy, and blissed-out with love, perfect or well-being over better than that looked. Nobody seemed to want it, all, contrary to what Jay's South tells us on her television commercial, but only enough to be heard. There was no one to be seen at the bar, as the clerks with consistent a side long, no guy Milton of male secretaries. No Andy Warhol. Not even a Hitman. Definitely no Barack. Even the setting in television's was egalitarian.

So here is my advice to any high-life out there willing to listen. Happiness, the style, is meant without pretense. Lesser poets, romantic novelists like Barbara Cartland, even our own deceptive politicians, pretend that there is a continuum of happiness long past beyond our armature's reach. Even if happiness were something we could have, I am not so sure I would want it. Reaching the shores of happiness might prove to be a lot of disappointment. Let the middle pay to believe in it. After all, somebody has to finance Tom Hanks's politics. As far as Tom concerned, happiness shouldn't be something you pay for it.

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ALTERNATIVES FOR LIFE AND THOUGHT IN THE EIGHTIES



Approximate: a new method of sewage treatment, it shrinks the size of San Diego's plant to one-eighth.

Aquaculture: The Hyacinths That Cleaned Up San Diego

IT DOESN'T LOOK like a sewage treatment plant. And it sure doesn't smell like one. It looks and smells like a greenhouse, and that's basically what it is, grows or takes a few crochets—a greenhouse for water hyacinths, floating in a grand profusion on the surface of one covered rectangular tank. Certain and crayfish folk on the bottom. Minnows grow fat on mosquito larvae on top. And duckweed fills the spaces between the hyacinths like the lush ground cover of some English garden. It is a gentle scene, fresh and refreshing. It is also treating twenty-five thousand gallons of raw sewage a day—the biological by-product of nearly one hundred homes—and turning it into water clean enough to fill lakes and water lawns. They call it Aquaculture, a form of high-minded sewage technology that's leading the way in San Diego's twenty-five-year fight to save water.

In 2013 the National Water Commission reported this by the year

2030 America could well be out of water. San Diego didn't have to hear the statistics to know problems were coming; the city estimated its local groundwater supplies years ago, and today at least 50 percent of its water is imported. To make matters worse, San Diego County is among the fastest-growing counties in the country. Luckily, it is also one of the smartest; administrators started their own water-reclamation policy back in the Fifties.

First they tried rearing golf courses with secondary treatment water—water that's good enough for lakes and lawns but not good enough to drink. Unfortunately, San Diego water has a terrible salt content, the grain did. Since conventional secondary sewage-treatment methods fail to remove salt, city engineers decided to build a better salt trap. They came up with a concept called reverse osmosis (RO) for short, a membrane filtering system that removes most salt. California's State Department

of Water Resources ran tests on San Diego's new RO method and found that it removed not only salt but virus and chemical pollutants too, a major breakthrough in water-reclamation technology.

In the early Seventies, America's environmental movement hit average households hard. The Clean Water Act of 1972 required secondary treatment for all effluent that was going to be dumped into the ocean, which is the destiny of coastal sewage—as expensive and energy-intensive proposition.

That did it. If the law was going to force San Diego into making all their sewage water as clean, they were going to figure out a way to reuse it. Drawing on the RO triumph and the city's generally progressive spirit, the director of the San Diego Water Utilities Department, E. W. King, put together a committee to design a sewage treatment plant like none other. "It had to provide an adequate and safe water supply and a sewage system that protected public health and the environment," King says.

ONCE THE WATER BAG BEEN RUN THROUGH A SERIES OF FILTERS IT BECOMES PURE DRINKING WATER. SUPERIOR TO MANY CITIES' TAP WATER.

"That was the year of the energy crisis, so it also had to have low energy demands and be cost effective. We wanted it to produce food, too."

Their first design was called a Bio-Lake, a colorful sort of holding tank filled with plant life and stocked with fish and water, which later was treated with RO. Then they were introduced to two local marine biologists who were busy raising fish and growing in ponds stocked with water hyacinths to keep the water clean, an idea developed by NASA for

water disposal. Adaptations were made, plants were cleaned up, and the EPA promised the city of San Diego \$3.5 million if it could prove that the system worked. So the city funded the new Aquaticum plant and proved that the system used conventional methods three ways better: all screens and detergent is removed, there is no toxic buildup of heavy metals and hazardous chemicals, since they're effectively dispersed among the multiple layers of glass and enamel tiles that contain them, and there is no odor. In fact, the place smells good.

The Aquaticum process is low energy, especially considering that water treatment always tends only to consume to raise electricity. It produces food for people—it's not crafty—and, not to stretch, who love the fresh lycanth gross (as you discover when you get your toes stepped on feeling the gross) so the shrimp, ducks, chickens, and ponies in the Aquaticum lagoon. The "hyacinths," which must be harvested every six weeks, make great compost, too, as

demonstrated by the flourishing Aquaticum vegetable garden.

Best of all, once the water has been run through the second pass of the plant—a series of filter systems, including ozone (not course) and chlorination—it becomes just sparkling drinking water, superior to many cities' tap water.

So the EPA grant went through. Reagan personally endorsed the project, and the ground has been cleared for a million-gallon-a-day facility to be built across the San Diego River from the first treatment plant. King predicts that about half the U.S.'s water needs could be met by Aquaticum purification, since demand is still at 90-95 percent level. And sewage treatment bills could be reduced by as much as 60 percent. For a while, King and his aid even tried to impose their water hyacinth's philosophy, then they gave up. "Like anything else in nature," he says, "they do best when you just leave them alone." —*Janet Wrenn*

▷▷▷ "Stress of floating's effects on hormone levels, showing sharp decreases, maintained over long periods, of sympathetic activity (including cortisol and ACTH), both associated with stress and heart disease, and evidence that floating reduces anxiety and stress."

▷▷▷ An ascertain from biofeedback authority Thomas Reilly says that floating temporarily suspends the dominant left hemisphere of the brain so "the right brain comes out in their float tank and goes 'Whoopie.'" Since the left hemisphere is generally associated with analytic thinking and the right with holistic thought, floating seems to offer a viable access to a more creative mode of thought.

The conference was a rich mixture of what organizer Thomas Fine, of Medical College of Ohio, called "immunostimulants, epinephrins, and estrogenism," cited by their stress in floating. But the scientists also stressed that to gain the support of mainstream groups that fund research, they would have to maintain clear independence from the unacceptably optimistic tank industry.

Two key scientific news events included the International BEST Investigators Society (IBIS), intended to promote rigorous research into BEST, and the Floating Tank Association (FTA), to serve the needs of the tanking industry and float enthusiasts.

Noting the hot competition among tank manufacturers and purveyors (tank sales to clinics, hospitals, and health-fitness centers, one health-fitness consultant and writer, Joe Oetzel, estimated, "We're talking big bucks here. Until now they've essentially been casinos making each bet, but the next step is mass production, which means we'll probably be seeing tanks marketed under brand names like, say, Mercedes. This is the so-called information society."

AN ANALYSIS OF THE EFFECTS OF FLOTT TANKS REVEALED SUCCESS IN TREATMENT OF A RANGE OF PROBLEMS INCLUDING ANXIETY AND PAIN

▷▷▷ A report from St. Elizabeth Hospital in Appleton, Wisconsin, where a floating statistical analysis of the effects of float tanks revealed solid success rates (a 70-85 percent improvement) in treatment of a wide range of problems, including anxiety, generalized and cardiac asthma, migraines and tension headaches, chronic pain, hypertension, and recovery from cardiac surgery. Hospital administrators are so impressed that the hospital tank is now seeing heavy daily use, attended by two full-time stress-management specialists

Isolation Tanks: The State of the Art



Isolation tanks: Afloat, suspended, and by facts.

THE NAME OF THE First International Conference on BEST and Self-

Regulation, held last spring in Denver, makes sense when BEST is spelled out: Restricted Environmental Stimulation Technique. Formerly called sensory deprivation. Although there are various ways to restrict sensory input, isolation tanks offered the most excitement at the meeting. As one scientist said, " Tanks are sexy."

In the movie *Adventures* a scientist enters into a tank and emerges shortly thereafter as a screeching ape with an appetite for live goats. While the Denver conferees stressed that the

movie was limited, the stage of the bold experimenter has opened a new area of adventure and romance into the field. A recent body of research into tank experiences in hospitals, clinics, and graduate psychology departments was made public for the first time at Denver, and from a writer of medical statistics and laboratory data emerged convincing evidence that even brief sessions in float tanks can cause mental and physical transformations. Among the revelations:

▷▷▷ Indications that floating stimulates the brain to create endorphins, the neurochemical called the body's own opiate. The endorphin effect would explain the pain relief and euphoric features experienced.

▷▷▷ Anecdotal evidence and preliminary research showing that floating results in a spontaneous reduction or elimination of habits such as smoking, drinking, and drug use and counteracts addiction-withdrawal symptoms.

▷▷▷ A report from St. Elizabeth Hospital in Appleton, Wisconsin, where a floating statistical analysis of the effects of float tanks revealed solid success rates (a 70-85 percent improvement) in treatment of a wide range of problems, including anxiety, generalized and cardiac asthma, migraines and tension headaches, chronic pain, hypertension, and recovery from cardiac surgery. Hospital administrators are so impressed that the hospital tank is now seeing heavy daily use, attended by two full-time stress-management specialists

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New Notes



During the winter of 1991, Dr. Dan Olson, a Ph.D. in health policy, decided to design a compact, lightweight bicycle with the utility of a three-speed. Why build a bicycle that is lighter, faster, and more maneuverable than anything else that has ever been built? For an answer, see the photo, just on the way out! (Ed: Dan's brother, Henry, lives at 412-457-0218.)

LABOR UNKIND IN southern California are offering members a new option in health care. Along with personal physicians and personal health assistants, some members now have a David: the Integrative Healthcare Center in Santa Ana, whose innovative medical program focuses on "wellness awareness, personal responsibility and health facilitation." Better health means better wages, says the Orange County District Council of Carpenters (AFL-CIO). But today money that could go to today's common goals is stretched for spending medical costs increased—\$3 million per month for carpenters in past eleven counties, for example. Furthermore, despite such spending, there has been little improvement in employee life-style, absenteeism, or morale. So, union leaders recently decided to change tactics. They began by participating in a sixty-day-hour course, sponsored by the Foundation for Health Awareness (which operates the Integrative Healthcare Center), on physical, mental, and spiritual aspects of health. Following the program, an official

of the fifteen thousand-member Treasurer Local 952 officially asked foundation director Edward Tash, M.D., to help lay the cornerstone for a new health-care program for union families. By the end of 1993, according to Tash, Integrative Healthcare Centers will be available in eleven states.

Computers affect the lives of most Americans, but are their effects positive? In *The Rise of the Computer State* (Random House, \$17.95), David Bernstein argues that computers have the potential to be an answer as ignored and overwhelmingly impossible as the west's bureaucracy. This isn't a futurist-science book. Bernstein discusses cases already documented: the crude company offered with the CIA that sells thirty-five analysis automated cases reports a year; the New England telephone company that, in order to establish a new rates schedule, established socially based profiles of its households; the growing problems associated with transactional intercession—the computer-derived data on our bank deposits, sales purchases, phone calls, and television viewing habits. While at times the book borders on pessimism, it is a good eye-opener for those who haven't considered the fact that the computer, like all tools, can be used for any purpose and there's no reason to assume that those purposes will be good ones.

John Graham, a former U.S. diplomat and NATO consultant, has created "Politics That Work," a business-hour weekend seminar in political education that he calls a "crash course in translating political ideals into practical realities." What the course offers is his vision of politics, one in which winning and losing political battles is subordinated to a greater goal: solving the problem. Graham outlines the context of the seminar to the needs of his audience. For novices he concentrates on advocacy skills: from negotiation and conflict-resolution techniques to the sixty-grity of grass roots organizing, fundraising, press release writing, and getting the message through to the decision makers. Usually, though, Graham encounters semi-educated students, many of whom are retired activists from groups like Common Cause and Amnesty International. With them he can move on to the underlying context of the seminar: "making global politics the work." Graham's seminar has met with success in the U.S. and Canada, and this year he will take the concept of the seminar to England. For further

information, contact John Graham Seminars, 364 West Twelfth Street, New York, New York 10014 (212-243-9485).

In the word-alchemy rubric in man's attempt to transform base metals into gold, alchemy has been coined to mean man's (successful) attempt to transform life. In his book *Allyou* (Viking, \$24.95), Jeremy Rifkin discusses this new era of biological and evolutionary change, characterized by developments such as recombinant DNA, that has made man capable of both transferring existing organisms and creating new life forms. Until recently, Rifkin writes, Darwin's theory of evolution has been the organizing principle of the sciences for most of the Western world. But as we've moved from an industrial society to an increasingly technological one, "the survival of the fittest" has been supplanted by the "survival of the best informed." Both phrases derive from reconstructions, from men's endless attempts to explain the unexplainable, Rifkin says, but there will always be a "powering up" by human beings as experience and the use that exists but is beyond our comprehension. Rifkin's analysis of Darwin's cosmology is superb, but he falters in his discussion of why all cosmologies are deceptive: he fails to explain why his mutual argument is any less a rationalization than any other. Nonetheless, *Allyou* is an unusually intelligent book.

Contributors: Robert Lewis, George Dwyer

Recommended Reading

The Next Economy, by Paul Hawken (Dial, Random and Wison, \$11.95). A loud voice of the changes taking place in the American economy, by a founder of both Earthwatch Foods and South & Hawken Tool Company.

Discourse Sans, by Mark Durand (Bantam/Doubleday, \$16.95). The life and wisdom of biologist and philosopher Ludwig von Bertalanffy, including a clear analysis of Heisenberg's General Systems Theory (see *The New America*, July).

The Global Village, by Peter Senell (Bantam/Doubleday, \$8.95). An imaginative look at the world as a electric living organism, emphasizing the relationships between the individual consciousness and the life of the earth.

The Mind's Eye, by Douglas R. Holzner and Daniel C. Derrett (Bantam, \$5.95). Are you your mind? Or are you your mind and mind? A collection of essays on the meaning of the world.

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